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NO. V.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

"Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."—WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

"The schoolmaster is abroad," is a remark on the lips of every one. The expression is intended to convey the idea that education is rapidly advancing throughout the land—that the child of the poorest, as well as the wealthiest of our citizens, is drinking at the pure fountains of knowledge, gushing forth on every side—that knowledge is scattered around us, and we have every advantage which can be had by an intelligent people. True it is that the schoolmaster is abroad; and, although the phrase may have been a fortunate expression for its author, how far it is from representing the state of things by which we are surrounded. What has the schoolmaster taught? What are the evidences of his capacity in the art of teaching? What are the result of his labors? Look around us, and we see nothing in our common schools but the merest sketches—the faintest impressions of education—an imperfect knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic. These instruments, whereby the young mind is enabled to collect ideas, are rude and imperfect. Public attention is now directed to the subject of public education, and every prospect is before us that something will be done for the cause.

The labors of the several states of the old world, as well as the republics of the United States, on behalf of public education, are evidences of the well-directed policy which looks to the security of the government and the tranquillity of the nation. The Prussian finds in the rule which commands universal education, a benefit which the citizen of the United States, in like manner, deems a blessing of incalculable value. There is evidently a zeal awakened in this country which calls loudly for a reform from our legislators. With many we are aware the opinion prevails, that the subject of education should not be under the guidance of the state—that it would, if left free, be regulated better by private citizens than by the officers of the government. The advocates of this opinion, characterized as they are by their devotion to the principles

of free trade, and the science of political economy, in our humble opinion, go too far when they refuse to allow to the government any interference in this matter. Adam Smith himself, "the first great regenerator of practical politics," as he has been termed, does not push to this extreme his positions on this head.

The great apostle of that magnificent science, which teaches us that peace, charity to all the world, and industry, are the elements of a nation's happiness, did not attack any other institutions than those where the government patronage was bestowed, and were known as useless, and wholly lost to those for whom they were intended. The advocates of free trade are generally enabled, by reference to facts, to sustain the theories which they advance; but in regard to the present question they would find that in those countries where the state has interfered, education has been promoted, and that, on the other hand, where it has been left entirely to individuals, the mass of the population has been left in ignorance.

Not to turn our investigation towards Europe, we have the state of things in our own country. The advance of education in the different states has been in proportion to the interference of their governments. The members of the confederacy have, at various times, and in different modes, manifested their zeal in this matter, by not only making the establishment of common schools a part of their constitutional enactments, but by bountiful appropriations with a view of extending the benefits which they afford. Scarcely a statesman of any sagacity, who desired the promotion of the welfare of the human family, but has advocated the necessity and obligation, (not merely the expediency or propriety of the interference,) to a greater or lesser extent, of the government.

Moreover, when it is considered that the cause which regulates matters of trade, does not operate in matters of education, the fallacy of leaving the subject entirely free is made manifest. In trade every thing is regulated by interest, by demand and supply. Are these incentives, these regulators brought into action in the matter of education? Who stand in need of education?—the young and the ignorant. The education of children is a duty to be discharged by the parents. The loss of instruction is but indirectly the parent's loss, but to the child it is an irreparable misfortune. The expense of education often forms a great check upon the parent. Even while the duty of the parent dictates the course he should pursue, avarice and often penury, prevents his pursuing it: ought not the state to do all in its power to relieve children from these difficulties? Society has not only a duty to perform,—it has an interest in the welfare of the unfortunate and helpless,—and with a view of preventing crime, as well as adding to the happiness of the child, it provides the means of instruction. While the despot of Europe gives to the children of his empire the blessings of a solid education, let it not be said the government of a free people hesitates,

in this respect, to interfere in the protection and fortune of every child in the republic. Prussia is before us with her numerous schools—her universities—her council—her minister of instruction—presenting a perfect piece of machinery, operating with precision and efficacy to a wonderful degree. The foe of yesterday is the pupil of to-day—her political rivals are emulating the glorious career she is pursuing. France is now the debtor of Prussia, and under the guidance of her own distinguished son, Victor Cousin, is establishing a system on the model of the Prussian. The nation whose martial hosts carried terror into France has taught her the virtues of peace, and the means whereby she may in reality be powerful and glorious, and the children of her soil contented. England also has been aroused—an investigation on the subject has been created—appropriations made, and a feeling displayed which gives good omen for the cause of intelligence.

We owe our national existence to the diffusion of knowledge, and by its powerful assistance can our national existence be sustained. Liberty and education are inseparable, and it cannot but be the part of a wise people to diffuse the latter if they desire to protect the former from destruction. But one opinion, we believe, exists in this community as to the necessity of general illumination—of the value of education, the benefits to be derived from the moral and intellectual advancement of the children of the state. The cause is that of the people, and has been so considered by our forefathers. They laid the foundation of a system which has already promoted the prosperity and added to the security of every citizen, and it becomes us to raise a superstructure, calculated to answer the demands made upon us by the events of the present day. The history of public instruction in the state of New-York bears evidence of the steady perseverance of its citizens. In tracing the stream to its source, it cannot but gratify us to discover that to the city of New-York belongs the honor of having made the first movement on this subject.\* On the petition of the municipal authorities of that city, on the 27th of November, 1702, a law was passed providing for the instruction of youth and male children of such parents as are of French and Dutch extraction, as well as of English, in the languages and other learning usually taught in grammar schools. The sum of fifty pounds per annum was to be levied by tax on the city for the support of the schoolmaster. This act was in existence but seven years, and the reason given for its being permitted to expire was the misapplication of the moneys collected for the payment of the teacher. Another effort was made in the year 1732, about which time a law was enacted to encourage a public school in the city of New-York for teaching Latin, Greek and Mathematics. By this act a free school for

\* We have availed ourselves of the labors of others, who have, on various occasions, collected many of the statements we lay before our readers in relation to this subject.

five years was established. The sum of forty pounds was to be levied, and this amount, together with a sum not exceeding forty pounds to be taken from the moneys received from licenses granted to hawkers and pedlers, constituted some portion of its means of support. Twenty youths were to be educated at the establishment. They were selected from the different sections of the state, in the proportion of ten from the city of New-York, two from Albany, and one from each of the other eight counties. They were chosen by the corporations of the cities of New-York and Albany, in the other counties by the Court of General Sessions. In 1737 the act expired, but was renewed for one year. This school is said to have been the foundation on which Columbia College has been raised. Several acts authorizing the collection of moneys by lotteries, for the purpose of establishing a college in New-York, were passed between 1746 and 1756. A charter for Kings College, in the city of New-York, was granted and sustained by liberal donation. The institution was opened for the reception of students.

Immediately after the close of the revolutionary struggle, the attention of the citizens of this state was immediately directed to education. On the 1st of May, 1784, an act was passed changing the name of Kings College to Columbia College, and a board created called the University of New-York. It consisted of twenty-one regents, having the control of Columbia College, and all future colleges and academies. In 1687, the regents were deprived of the immediate control of these institutions, the establishments were committed to the care of trustees, and subject to the supervisory power of the regents, who were by the same aid empowered to incorporate colleges and academies. The zeal and industry of the regents of the university gave a powerful impulse to the cause in which they were engaged. They stimulated the legislature to further action, and, in 1789, laws were passed, dividing the public domain in the northern and western sections of the state, and allotting in the several townships certain portions for the support of common schools, and religious institutions. These are known as "the gospel and school lots," and with the tracts since granted for similar purposes, form a portion of the public funds devoted to education. In the year 1790, the regents were empowered to sell or lease certain lands, and to appropriate the proceeds to the advancement of the institutions under their charge. The income arising from this appropriation was two years after increased by a grant of £1500 per annum for five years. These funds were expended in the payment of teachers, in assisting in the expense of educating indigent young men, and in purchasing philosophical apparatus and scientific works. The regents, not satisfied with the result of their labors in the higher branches of instruction, in their annual report in 1793, recommended to the legislature the establish-



ment of schools in various parts of the state, for the purpose of instructing children in the lower branches of education. In the years 1794 and 1795 they renewed their suggestion.

The regents reported in the same year, under their charge, two colleges and twelve academies. They stated that these institutions, "with the establishment of *schools for the common branches of education*, were the legislature pleased to grant it, must soon have the most beneficial effects on the state of society. The streams issuing from these fountains must enrich the pastures of the wilderness, and cause the little hills to rejoice on every side." Governor Clinton, in his message delivered to the legislature, remarked "that while it is evident that the general establishment and liberal endowments of academies are highly to be commended, and are attended with the most beneficial consequences, yet it cannot be denied that they are principally confined to the children of the opulent, so that a great proportion of the community is excluded from their immediate advantages. The establishment of common schools throughout the state is happily calculated to remedy this inconvenience, and will therefore re-engage your early and decided consideration." This portion of the message was referred to a committee who reported a bill, and the same, after emendation by the senate, was passed into a law. This act appropriated two thousand dollars for the purpose of maintaining schools in the several cities and towns, in which children were to be taught such branches as were useful and necessary to complete a good English education. A sum was to be raised by tax, by the several cities and towns, equal to one-half of the sum apportioned to and received by them. The two sums added, were to be applied to the same purpose. Commissioners and trustees were appointed to manage the moneys. This law is the corner-stone of the present structure of public education in this state. In this measure was the first step taken in a cause which is spreading its influence in every direction, throughout not only the state, but the Union. The acts of 1792 and 1795 expired. In the year 1801, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars was authorized to be raised by lotteries: one-half of the amount to be appropriated for the academies, and the residue to be paid into the state treasury, for the benefit of common schools. This may be considered the commencement of the literature and common school funds. Donations of money and land were from time to time made to the colleges and academies in the state. The literature fund was intended to promote classical learning, an extensive course of instruction in the more elevated branches of English education, and the encouragement of institutions for the instruction of females in the higher departments of knowledge. It received the fostering care of the public authorities from time to time, until 1827, when the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was added to the fund. The regents under whose control the whole fund is placed, have been slowly, but steadily

advancing the scale of education in the different institutions, and insisting on the academies receiving a share of the public moneys raising the standard of instruction.

In 1805 an act was passed for the benefit of the common school fund, by which the net proceeds of five hundred thousand acres of land, belonging to the state, were appropriated as a permanent fund for the support of common schools—the proceeds to accumulate until an interest of fifty thousand dollars per annum should accrue, and then the interest was to be distributed under the direction of the legislature. Additions were from time to time made to the fund.

In the year 1811, Governor Tompkins recommended the subject of common schools to the attention of the legislature, and thereupon commissioners were appointed to devise and report a system. In the next year the commissioners reported, and a law passed, establishing common schools on the plan recommended by these commissioners. In their report, they gave as the outline of the system the following statement, from which it will be seen, that at the present day it has not been materially changed.—“That the several towns in the state be divided into school districts, by three commissioners elected by the citizens qualified to vote for town officers;—that trustees be elected in each district, to whom shall be confided the care and superintendence of the school to be established therein;—that the interest of the school fund be divided among the different counties and towns, according to their respective population, as ascertained by the successive census of the United States;—that the proportion received by the respective towns be subdivided among the districts into which such town shall be divided, according to the number of children in each, between the ages of five and fifteen, inclusive;—that each town raise by tax, annually, as much money as it shall have received from the school fund;—that the gross amount of moneys received from the state, and raised by the towns, be appropriated exclusively to the payment of the wages of the teachers;—that the whole system be placed under the superintendence of an officer appointed by the council of appointment.”

By the amended constitution of 1821, the fund has been rendered inviolable. It provides that “the proceeds of all lands belonging to this state, except such parts thereof as may be reserved or appropriated to public use, or ceded to the United States, which shall be sold thereafter, together with the fund known as the common school fund, shall be and remain a perpetual fund—the interest of which shall be inviolably appropriated and applied to the support of common schools throughout the state.”

## THE GALLERY OF A MISANTHROPE.

### NUMBER FOUR.

#### THE DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

THE Dignity of Human Nature! a strange subject for the pencil of the Misanthrope, and yet a good one: for when is the mowing ape most hideous? Is it not when, as he gazes on his reflected image in the water, he twists his wrinkled features into smiles, and grins in self-complacency over his imagined beauty.—When is the littleness of the loathsome toad most manifest? Is it not when he puffs out his speckled sides and swells into self-importance. Thus it is with man—man! the ape's vile counterpart—the rival in venom of the poisonous toad: would you truly and fully know his littleness—his meanness—look on him—not when sudden calamity has beaten him to the ground, and the poor crushed reptile writhes in his kindred dust—not when poverty has chilled his spirit, or want wasted his frame—no—to look on him thus, even the misanthrope might be the fool of pity. But see him in the palmy pride of his prosperity—in the full possession of every mental faculty and every bodily power—look then on the ape as he grins in self-complacency; look then on the toad as he swells into self-importance; look then on the insect as he stretches his gaudy wings and sports in the summer sunshine; look on man when vanity and pride have full possession of him: then you know him—know all that he is—all that he can be—then you can see the littleness of his grandeur—the meanness of his pride.—And what is the most fitting scene for the display of man's native dignity—a throne? a crowned king? What is a throne? What has it been pronounced by *him*,\* the mightiest monarch that ever sat upon one? “A mass of boards and velvet:” and a king—“The accident of an accident,”—one on whose head chance hath placed a rim of gold, and decked it with certain glittering baubles—one whom chance hath made. Look not on such an one, the poorness of his spirit may disgrace the richness of his fortune. Look for one whose greatness is his own.

We'll to the senate-house. There sit the congregated wisdom of a state. Yonder is a patriot. He is a self-made man. “All that I am,” prates the proud boaster, “all that I am, myself hath made me.” Aye! be it so: all that thou art, and that vast all that thou thinkest thyself—and what is it? He is a senator—with what a calm and lofty dignity he fills his chair of state; patient attention, and deep serious thought sit

\* Napoleon.

on his lofty brow ; his mighty mind is laboring for his country's weal. Such were Rome's senators in Rome's proudest days—even such an one was Cato.

He is an orator. He speaks—the listening senate hang on his words as the flow of patriot eloquence bursts from his lips. He pleads the cause of the people—he speaks not for his friends—in presence of the people the patriot has no friends—he labors not for party—in the simplicity of his honest mind, he hardly knows the meaning of the word—least of all does he toil for himself—no ! no ! Liberty ! liberty ! liberty ! is the patriot's never-changing theme—the people are his only care : and for himself—if a thought of self ever crosses his disinterested mind—his only wish, his only prayer, (for the patriot prays, *of course in secret*,) his only prayer is, that he may labor and suffer, and if need be, die in the loved service of the people—in the holy cause of liberty ; and as he speaks his hand is pressed upon his honest heart, and the tear of deep emotion glitters in the patriot's eye.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! the ranter mouths it well—the juggler's tricks are neatly played off. Thus spake Tully—even such a patriot-flame burned in the breast of Brutus !—Doubt it not—they are ever the same—though this ranter lacks something of the skill of Cesar's sycophant—this juggler hath not yet learned his tricks to the true Roman perfection.

Let us follow the senator to his house ; let us for a moment profane, with our rude unworthy presence, the hallowed hours of the patriot's privacy. He is here before us. But whom have we here ? What doth that mean man in the patriot's presence ? with what an impudent familiarity he speaks—

“ I'll tell you what, senator, you can't have it—his excellency will never consent,” and with dogged pertinacity he raps his skinny knuckles on the table. The senator is roused :—

“ Can't have it, sir ? can't have it ? But I will have it—have it all, or he shall rue it. Tell him I *will* have it.”

The little wretch is sensible he has gone too far ; he retracts, and speaks the patriot fair.

“ Well, well, senator ! you know your own price. This, then, is the best you will do—a judgeship for yourself, and your name on the ticket,—the inspectorship for your son, and your wife's cousin, Tom Hardy, satisfactorily provided for, that's——”

“ Aye, and the money,” eagerly interrupted the patriot, “ remember the discount.”

“ Oh yes—the money, to be sure—no difficulty about that. And all this, senator, you want for supporting a measure which you acknowledge to be a good one, and for the people's service.”

“ A good one ! a good one ! the people's service,” echoed the senator, in a scoffing tone, “ *that's a good one*. I'll keep that for my next



speech. In the meantime, Mr. Jones, please to remember that I must retire from my place as senator next term, and can, of course, have no future opportunity to provide for my family. You see I am frank with you. On the other hand, you want my support—you can't do without it—and *must buy it*. Now do we understand each other? is all settled?"

"All settled," replied the little man.

"Well then, business done—stay here this evening—we will have Topham, the judge, old crack-throat Lenox, and a few more to take a social glass of punch."

Mr. Jones excused himself for the present—he must return to his employer and report the pleasing news that Mr. Senator—was hereafter to be numbered among his excellency's political friends.

Left alone, the patriot's exultation breaks forth.—"A good bargain I have made at last with these rascals—I knew they could not do without me—and determined to keep up my price; and I have it—a judgeship now, and something better soon.—Sam, the extravagant dog, can surely make both ends meet, on his inspector's fees—and that good-for-nothing cousin of Sally's, Tom Hardy, provided for in some satisfactory way. So I shall have no more begging, 'just five dollars,' 'only ten dollars for poor Tom—her own blood cousin'—that drain on my pocket is stopped—and then the money—that will make me easy, and pay off my account with that blackguard gambler H——. Oh, I am easy every way—the poor senator changed to the rich judge—Judge! 'tis only a stepping-stone! who can tell but that I may gull the poor devils into making me"—

But enough of the patriot's ambitious musings—let us retire—in the evening we will see the senator again.

The evening has waned away—midnight is near—let us to the house of the senator—what boisterous shouting is that?

"Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurra!" Open the door—the table is set out, and surrounded by guests in the full tide of boisterous conviviality.—Restraint is gone—and decency and sense will soon follow. At the head of the table sits the Honorable Senator—expression is fast fading from his face, and meaning from his words, as glass after glass is emptied in rapid succession.—By his side—aye, in the seat of honor—sits the little mean-looking bargain-maker.—His small gray eye still twinkles with the look of habitual cunning, to which all his features are moulded, and which intoxication cannot alter.—They are soon friends—brothers in their cups.—See how loving the drunkards grow.—

"Oh, my dear senator, we are friends—friends for ever—I have made you—we are true friends."

"That's what we are," replies the senator, "you've made me, and I'll make you, and we will all make one another."

"So we will, senator—give me your hand, my old boy"—

"And here 's a hand, my trusty frere,  
And gie us a hand o' thine."

The senator is musical.

"Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!" bursts from the lower end of the table—

"Mr. Senator—song."

"Mr. Vice," says old Lenox, "knock down Mr. Senator for a song."

"Who talks of knocking me down?"—shouts the senator—"you! you old crack-voiced rascal—let me come at him—let me only come at him, I'll show fight." The patriot is pot-valiant.

"Order! order! order!" shouts burley Mr. Topham, who acts as vice-president of the table—"no fighting! no fighting!"

"No! No!"—says a solemn black-faced dull-looking man, whom the company address as judge—"there shall be no fighting. I decide it without argument—and let those who except to my opinion appeal to the higher court"—and he shook his great ill-shaped head with drunken gravity.

"You judge," says the senator, "wait awhile, you old smoke-face—we will show you a judge—hey! my little Mercury?"

"Aye, that we will"—responded Mercury—"none of your old dot-and-go-one's, but a real dasher."

"Who talks of dashers"—bawls Topham—"I am a slap-dasher—I manage 'em—I drive 'em in—stubborn ones—shy ones—hold-back's and all.—Caucus 'em all."

"Bill Topham," says the drunken judge, "you are all talk—that's my decree—appeal if you dare!"

"Appeal to me, Topham," shouts the senator, "I'll give judgment in the cause."

"Oh, damn your judgment"—squeaked old Lenox—"you are not a judge yet—no! but you're an orator. Come, give us a speech, Senator! a real patriotic speech."

"A speech!"—"A speech!"—shouts each uproarious drunkard—"Mr. Senator's—speech."

The orator rises, and poising himself on his legs—a work of some difficulty, and only accomplished at last by the aid of the chair-back—he speaks.—

"Mr. Chairman—gentlemen—I rise to speak for the people and for Liberty. I am the man of the people.—Liberty! gentlemen—Mr. chairman—Liberty is my idol—I love Liberty, and Liberty loves me.—Liberty is every thing to a patriot—I am a patriot—a real republican—a genuine democrat—and the friend of Liberty. 'Twas for Liberty our fathers fought, and bled, and died—and did not get any money by it, either.—We are their children, and Liberty's children—and the people are our children—and we make money by it—"

"Holloa! you Bill Topham, you are asleep—Mercury, go wake up Bill Topham—what! Mercury under the table? poor fellow—what a

little thing makes some people drunk. Here, judge! judge! why, he is asleep, too—I believe they are all asleep—all drunk”—

“Who says I’m asleep?”—screamed Lenox—“who says I’m drunk? I am as sober as a judge. It’s a lie to say I’m drunk”—

“Do you give me the lie, old weazen-face? Let me come at you—I’ll make daylight shine through your old carcass.—So! So! how wide the table has grown—now, now I have him.” The drunkard raised his hand to make a blow.

“Lord, senator,” screamed the other, “don’t strike me—I was only in fun.”

“Bless you, my old fellow—were you in fun? then I won’t hurt ye—I love ye—I’ll hug ye.” He extends his wide-spread arms to embrace his mate—but the effort is too great—his feet fail him—and stumbling against the old man, whose neck he grasps, both fall to the floor.

Here is a senator, an orator, a patriot.—Such an one was Cato—such was Tully—Brutus such.—Doubt it not—for Cato, and Tully, and Brutus, were men—and this is man, and such is the Dignity of Human Nature. Mizo.

## STANZAS.

## I.

Say’st thou that love is sweet,  
And that it can impart  
A lightness to thy feet,  
A gladness to thy heart?  
Thou hast not felt its pain,  
Or thou then would’st not sing—  
’Twill madden all the brain,  
’Twill fetter all the wing,  
And though it may not slay,  
’Twill sap the soul away.

## II.

And thou wilt dream awhile,  
That true it still will keep—  
But thou wilt cease to smile,  
And thou wilt learn to weep.  
’Twill teach thee all the art  
Of sorrow, in an hour,  
And eat into thy heart  
Like the worm into the flower—  
And though it may not kill,  
’Twill cling and clip thee still.

## FIRE ISLAND ANA.

## NED LOCUS' JOURNEY TO THE LANJAN EMPIRE.

"Scythia est quò mittimur, inquam:  
Roma relinquenda est: utraque justa mora est."

OVID'S TRISTIA, 3d Ed.

"DID Captain Symmes tell you that himself, sir?" inquired Raynor.

"He did," replied Ned, "and I have not the slightest doubt of the accuracy of his statement. I think I shall publish the account for the benefit of science. Those discoveries concerning the causes and sources of magnetism, and electricity, and galvanism, are really astonishing."

"It is strange," said I, like a good, solemn, tiger.

"Yes," responded Ned, with graver gravity, "truth *is* strange, stranger than fiction."

"Can't ye give us some more th' tic'lars, Mr. Locus?" asked Dan.

"Tell us what's the reason 'bout them spots in the sun, and the bony fish all failen last summer. That's what I want to know."

"No, Dan; I'd rather give you what I know of my own knowledge. Boys, did I ever tell you about my journey to the Lanjan Empire?"

"I never heard you"—"Lan what?"—"Go it!"—"Now for a yarn," and several other interjectional questions and answers broke, simultaneously, from the lips of the attentive audience.

"That's a very interesting country," simpered the tiger. "Won't you take a drink before you start, Mr. Locus?"

"Thank you, thank you, Cypress.—Well boys—hem!"—and Ned got under way as follows:—

"I had always from my earliest boyhood, a vehement desire to travel and see the world; and whatever other of my studies may have been slighted, I certainly was not neglectful of my geography and hydrography. Books of travel, of any sort of respectability and authenticity, I devoured; from Sinbad the Sailor down to the modernest, pert, self-sufficient affectations of our own expressly deputed readers of guide-books, and retailers of family gossip. Still, however, I was unsatisfied. I longed to be an actor, not a mere looker-on; a doer, not a reader of exploits. In this particular taste, my revered father chose to differ from me, by the distance of several continents. While I sighed for locomotion, and the transmutation of the precious metals into foreign novelties, the dearest care of that respected person was,

'T' increase his store,  
And keep his only son, myself, at home.'



"If, in the glow of my imagination, I spoke of Columbia river, Central Africa, Chinese Tartary, Ultima Thule, or any other, reasonable, and desirable region for exploration, the old man would shake his head and tell me that he was responsible for my future standing in society; and that he could not permit me to go abroad until my habits were formed. 'Besides, my son,' he would add, 'travelling costs money, and your education is not yet complete, and exchange is up, and stocks are down, and you're rather irregular, and—and you had better wait.' Wait, therefore, I had to, until I had finished my collegiate experiences, and pocketed my alma mater's certificate, that my habits *were* formed, and that I was a youth distinguished for my learning, brains, and good behavior, and all that; or, as Cypress would say, until the '*hoc tibi trado*' of jubilee commencement-day was poured into my ear, and with all becoming and appropriate solemnity, I was consecrated an A. B. My passion for cosmopolitanism burned, now, fiercer than ever. I petitioned, and sulked, and flattered, and fretted, and moved earth and heaven, or tried to,

'And Heaven, (at last,) granted what my sire denied.'

For it pleased heaven to put it into the heads of the navy department, to appoint my uncle, Captain Marinus Locus, Commodore of a relief-squadron that was to go out to the Mediterranean; and about a year after my graduation, the flag-ship Winnipissiago dropped her anchor at the place of rendezvous off the Battery, having on board my excellent, excellent uncle:—

'My uncle,  
My father's brother; but no more like my father,  
Than I to Hercules:'

He was a jolly old cock, liberal, free-hearted, hated trade, and grace before meals, and, though he was a strict disciplinarian aboard ship, he liked an adventure on shore as well as any body, provided only he was sure of not being found out. He was a great admirer of the morality of Lycurgus, as inculcated in his precepts for the education of boys; and his darling maxim was, that there was no such thing as abstract sin, and that the iniquity of iniquity consisted in the bad example.

"During the time of his waiting for the rest of the squadron, he was often at my father's house, and I had frequent opportunities for the enjoyment of his conversation. It is not to be wondered that my heart grew to him, and that I became unhappy with desire of a situation aboard his frigate. As propitious fortune would have it, he took an equal fancy for me, and noting the violence of my marine propensity, he interceded with my father, and offered to give me a birth, and a share at mess, during his cruise, and afford me all possible facilities for seeing the country, without putting me or mine to any expense, *except* for the necessary outfit. As this course of travel would not require

much disbursement, and as my habits were by this time quite confirmed, the kind old gentleman was persuaded to let me go.

“ ‘Well, Ned,’ said he one morning, after breakfast, and a tear stood in his eye, ‘I’ve traded you off. You may go with your uncle. He has been begging, and hammering me, for a fortnight, and last night he offered me a quarter cask of Juno, and said he would take good care of you, and watch over your behavior, and so forth, and so I told him he might have you. There, the secret is broken.’

“ ‘So is my heart,’ said my mother, sobbing.

“ ‘So is his coffee-cup,’ chuckled the old gentleman, pointing to the fragments, which my surprise and delight had strewn upon the floor.

“ ‘Remember now, my son,’ continued the old gentleman, and then he read me a lecture containing the essence of all that Solomon ever said to Rehoboam, with the addition of a digest of the more modern maxims of parental wisdom, down to the date of the discourse. It was a precious mixture. I took it with all becoming meekness, and in the agitation and affliction produced by the notification that I ‘soon should be on the boundless ocean, far, far from the tender watchfulness of parental kindness,’ I stuck my fingers into my mouth, and then applied their watery ends to my eyes:—not anticipating the dialogue, I was not prepared with an onion. The old gentleman at last got through, finishing with an injunction that really made me cry, because I did not dare to laugh.

“ ‘Not least of all,’ said he, ‘be thankful for being born in a country, where you, though only a private citizen, and one possessed of no peculiar merit, may accomplish your travels as a passenger on board a public ship. *It does’nt cost any thing.* Uncle Sam pays the whole shot; and you can go to Dan, and Beersheba, and all the other cities up the Mediterranean, and write your travels, and I shall not be out of pocket a penny. I shan’t have to advance you a cent. That’s what I look at.’

“Sponge! thought I, a little startled, but I prudently kept my peace.

“The rest of the discourse,—the parting,—the sailing,—the deep, deep sea,—whales,—water-spouts,—Cape St. Vincent,—hurricane,—chicken-coop, and two men overboard,—Gibraltar,—duel between two midshipmen,—monks of Palermo,—Mount Ætna,—earthquake of Catania,—Dromio of Syracuse,—Cape Matapan,—Bozzaris,—Greek pirates,—Colossus of Rhodes,—Smyrna,—and so forth, I pass over. Suffice it to say, that we finally arrived in the Levant, and cast our cable in the neighborhood of Cyprus.”

“Cyprus? Cyprus?” asked Venus Raynor. “What, any relation to our Mr. Cyprus here?”

“No, no; near the island of Cyprus. Cyprus! beautiful isle! In what glorious majesty stood thy old Olympus. How fragrantly from thy hills came down the odour of thy orange-groves and grape-vines, mingling with the wind-borne scent of thy hyacinths, and anemonies! Land of generous wine, and glowing beauty! Birthplace of Venus!”—

"Hullo, Ned! hullo! what's thee up to now?" cried Oliver.

"It's a lie," pronounced master Peter. "Venus was born at Raynor South. I knowed his father. Have my doubts it's a lie."

"That's what the family Bible says," muttered the namesake of the goddess, getting a little angry.

"Don't bother me, you fool," said Ned, snappishly, and putting his hand over Peter's mouth. "I didn't mean this *he* Venus: no, but her, the queen of beauty, the mother of love, Paphia,—Cytherea,—Aphrodite,—emerging from old ocean's wave—"

"*'Emersam ex undis Venerem,'* as Stephanus Forcatulus hath it, Ned," I took the liberty of suggesting; fearing that he would tire out the boys with his raptures. "I thought it was Cythera, where the zephyrs carried the foam-born goddess. You had better go on with the story. How far is it to the Lanjan Empire?"

"Pardon, pardon, boys, for rearing up, and caracoling, in this irregular fashion. No, Cypress, Cyprus. Only Hesiod says Cythera. And you, certainly, won't put his 'theogony' in competition with the judicious Tully's 'de natura Deorum.'—I will try, now, to be less episodic. But whenever I think of Cyprus, my bosom swells with the same feelings that half overwhelmed me when first I breathed the air from its beautiful shore; and my heart jumps within my body just as my legs did upon the upper deck of the Winnipissiago, when young Bob Shelley, a midshipman, for whom I had formed the fondest friendship, was relieved from his watch, and came up where I was listlessly lounging.

"We'll go ashore to-night, Bob," said I, rubbing my hands between my knees, 'and taste some Cyprian—'

"No; nor wine nor women," interrupted Bob, despondingly. "The old man has given orders that not a soul quit ship to-night. All shore-boats are to be prohibited from approaching within thirty yards."

"Why, the d—d old tyrant! what's in the wind now?"

"Can't say;—shouldn't be surprised if we were off to the coast of Africa before morning: you know his way."

"Well, well; I'll go ashore;—yes," said I, at that moment catching the eye of a Greek fisherman who was sculling upon the edge of the tabooed distance, and who seemed to understand our conversation and wishes: "I'll be cursed if I don't go ashore. Dare you go along? When is your next watch? Can't you steal two or three hours?"

"I may. I—may. But we must wait until night; we would be observed now. It will soon be dark."

"As Bob spoke, we observed the skiff of the fisherman glide swiftly towards the ship, and her minute figure was soon lost under the shade of our giant stem. The tongue is not the only maker of assignations. My eyes met those of Palinurus once more, and we had a perfect understanding upon the subject of our wished-for visit to the shore.

"Night came, and we found our wily Cypriot under the fore-chains; and we were soon at a miniature little city, built upon a promontory, that jutted out towards the ship, and which seemed to welcome our approach by the louder swelling strains of various music, and happy-hearted laughter. That night—that night!—I cannot tell the incidents of that night now :—No—never—never. We got back safely, however, and, as good fortune would have it, undiscovered, and unsuspected. Not having been found out, I went to my hammock with a quiet conscience, as indeed, with such a consolation, after what had happened, I was bound to do, aboard the commodore's ship. The next morning, however, changed the face of affairs: the non-intercourse regulation was repealed, and free trade and sailors' rights let the crew ashore, and a dark-browed Frank, the keeper of the cassino, where we danced the night before, aboard. The old man was in his cabin. Bob ran up into the main-top, and I turned into my nest. Bob was on the sick-list at his next watch. I myself was exceedingly disposed to be under the weather, and out of the way of recognition, and identification by the sorrowful host of '*the three spears.*' But the next morning the ship stood away for the opposite coast of Africa, and we happily recovered. I got well just in time to see the devil in the old man's eyes, as I walked up towards him, in obedience to his summons.

"'Sick! nephew, ha?' he began, half frowning, half sneering. I felt sick at heart, indeed. But when he asked me what had made me sick, and I replied that I attributed it to eating too many Cyprian oranges, he shut his eyes half up, and glimmering at me, sidewise, he turned slowly upon his heel, rapped the rattan in his hand hard upon his leg, and walked away. I saw it was all over.

"About six bells A. M., the officers, with myself, were all called aft.

"'Gentlemen,' said the old man, looking black and dignified as an incipient thunder-squall, 'I regret that any individual under my command should disgrace the national flag, by riot, and violence in a foreign port: but much more do I regret that any officer of the Winnipissiago should so far forget his duty to his country, and his commander, as to break the order of the day.' Then he ripped out a few appropriate *juramenta-juramentorum*—that is, *whoppers*, boys. After letting off steam, he went ahead again.

"'My good friend, Kapitanos Antistratikos, the American consul for Famagusta, and keeper of a highly respectable cassino there, informs me that two persons from the Winnipissiago—but no matter: that will be for charges and specifications. Here: who'—(pulling a handkerchief out of his pocket)—'owns this piece of documentary evidence? Mr. Shelley, will you do me the favor to read the name of the happy proprietor?'

"With what a savage sneer the old man put the question! I quailed and trembled. I knew that Bob had lost his handkerchief in the scuffle,



and faint, very faint was the hope that his ingenuity could excuse us. As to the offence itself, that was nothing, in reality, in the old man's judgment, compared with the sin of our leaving our tracks behind us, so that we were sure of being detected.

"'Guilty, sir,' said Bob, touching his hat. He knew that there was no humbugging the old man. 'The document is my own.'

"'Enough. A court-martial will no doubt give due honor to your unofficer-like conduct. Consider yourself arrested—that is all, gentlemen. Pipe down.'

"'Mr. Locus,' (and the old man bowed to me with an ineffably increased *suaviter in modo*,) 'your tongue need not confess that you were Mr. Shelley's companion. Your buttermilk face has saved that member the trouble. You will quit the ship at the first land we make. That ought, in my opinion, to be *the rule in Shelley's case*. So much for your comfort.—I promised your father to take good care of you: I shall keep my word, for I shall shortly leave you in *Grand Cairo*.—D—n you, sir, do you laugh?—that's no pun. I never made a pun in my life.'

"'Is our friendship, then, sir,' said I, 'for ever annihilated?'

"'Exactly, nephew. It ends at the mouth of the Nile, where we shall shortly drop both you and our anchor. I have only one word of advice to give you: it is, look out for the crocodiles, and don't eat too many oranges. Good morning.'

"I could have burst into tears, but Bob came running up to me, and grasping my hand, cried, 'Bear it like a man. They'll cashier me, and I'll get permission to quit the ship with you: we'll travel together and seek our fortunes.' Generous fellow!

"Bob was correct in his anticipations: he was found guilty, and sentenced to be cashiered. His petition to the old man to be allowed to accompany me was readily granted, and about dusk, that evening, we were landed on the coast of Africa, near the western mouth of the Nile, a few miles from Rosetta, and about eighty miles north-west from Grand Cairo. We slept that night at the hovel of a Jew, and early in the morning started upon our journey. We had nothing to encumber us but the clothes upon our backs, our fowling-pieces, and Bob's favorite fiddle. The last article we brought along as the means of earning our livelihood until we could get into some regular employment. Our pistols and dirks we had of course secured, together with a few pieces of gold. With these appointments we started for the great city of the Nile.

"Not being much used to walking, we progressed only thirty miles the first day, and at the setting of the sun, rested under a sycamore tree, to dispose of our frugal meal of dates. Our repast was here suddenly interrupted by the appearance of three marauding Bedouins, who dashed in upon us upon their beautiful Arabs, cutting and slashing at

us with their sparkling cimeters. We very coolly cut two of them down in a flash, with the first shot from our pistols. The third fellow turned his horse and dashed his rowels into his bloody flanks. But we gave him, each, the other barrel, and tumbled him off, with one bullet in the elbow of his sword arm, and the other in the small of his back. We then helped ourselves to a few miscellaneous articles, that could have been of no further service to them, and buried their bodies in the sand. After this, we had no further interruption until we arrived at Cairo, which we reached, on the second following night.

"Our appearance here did not excite any very especial wonder. There were people of all colors, and countries, and religions, and habits, crowding along the narrow, dirty streets, seeking their business or their pleasures. The dogs seemed to be the most numerous and important part of the population, and we had little trouble from any of the rest of the inhabitants. So having sought out a caravansary, or boarding-house, we sallied out and commenced our vocation of street-minstrelsy. It was the most taking and profitable occupation that we could have chosen. I led the air, and Bob warbled bass, accompanying the melody with his cremona. 'Cease rude Boreas,' 'Begone dull care,' 'Ye sons of freedom,' 'Barbara Allen,' and several others of the most distinguished Christian pieces of profane music, we absolutely coined into gold. The Caraites were delighted with the novelty of the entertainment, and we became most decided favorites. Turks, Copts, Mamelukes, Jews, and Syrian Christians, voted us stars, invited us to their entertainments, and vied with each other in their unbounded hospitality.

"Wake up Peter, Cypress. Dan, take this tumbler.

"Well, boys, to be brief, in the course of three months we made money enough to buy fifty camels, one hundred Guinea slaves, a few Mograbian dancing-girls, and a goodly quantity of cotton, coffee, and other merchandize of the country, and joining another caravan, off we started across the desert, to the seaport of Suez, at the north end of the Red Sea. By the by, what a pity it is that the Egyptians do not cut a canal from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. It is a dead level all the way:—not a lock necessary. Bob and I sent in proposals to the governor, to construct one within two years; but his highness shook his head, and said that if Allah had intended that there should be a water-communication from Suez to the Levant, he would have made it himself. But of that in another place. I intend to apply to our legislature for an act of incorporation for a railroad. Keep it quiet, boys. Say nothing.

"Our arrival at Suez created no little excitement. Our fame had preceded us across the desert, and the swarthy disciples of the Prophet of the east, grinned upon us, and fed us, and felt us, just as would the very Christian populace of New-York grin at, and feed, and feel, King

Blackhawk, and the Prophet of the west. It was soon, however, our fortune to be monopolized by good society. The sister of the governor, Julia Kleokatrinka, a widow, got us. She was the Lady B—— of the place, and a most majestic woman she was. She was decidedly the best dressed lady that I have seen in all my travels. Beautiful, witty, learned, accomplished, and, above all, so generous in every respect! It was on account of her peculiar excellences, that she had obtained a special license to be different in deportment and behavior, from all the other ladies of rank in Suez, and to expose herself to the gaze of men, and give entertainments, and all that sort of thing. All the other women of Suez are strictly guarded in their seraglios, as they should be. I took to her, exceedingly. She loved and petted me so, I couldn't help it. She used to call me her '*hi ghi giaour*,' which means, boys, pet infidel poet. Her *conversaziones* were delightful. She had around her, constantly, a brilliant coterie, of poets and romancers. One day, I met at her palace, at dinner, a *cordon* composed of Almanzor, (the geometrician,) Allittle, (the poet,) Ali Kroker, (the satirist,) Ali Gator, (the magnificent son of Julia,—the Suez Pelham,)—Selim Israel, (a writer of books which nobody would read,) a Mr. Smith, (an Englishman,) a Persian mufti, an Iceland count, a Patagonian priest, and several other persons of distinguished merit and virtue. The divine Julia never looked so well. She was dressed in Turkish pantaletts, made of the ever-changing plumage of the throat-feathers of the African nightingale, woven and embroidered into a thin cloth of silver. Over these she wore a chemise of pea-green Persian silk, which hung loosely from the extreme tip of her alabaster shoulders, and fell just below her knees. The rest of her simple drapery consisted of a Tibetan shawl, which she gracefully disposed about her person, so as to answer the purpose of robe, or stole, or cloak, as her coquettish caprice might desire. Around her neck sported a young tame boa-constrictor, and in her lap slumbered a Siberian puppy-dog, which was presented to her by the Emperor of Russia. Her conversation was uncommonly piquant. I was in capital spirits.

"'Will you be so generously disinterested,' said the charming Julia, 'as to eschew chewing until you can hand me that salt?'"

"'Most unequivocally, bright moon of my soul,' I readily replied; 'Allah forbid, that through my neglect, a lady's meat should go unsalted.'"

"Then we all had a hearty laugh. I turned to Ali Gator, who was leaning against a pile of scarlet satin ottomans, while the rays of the setting sun fell full upon his beautifully embroidered waistcoat,—

"'Stop, Ned, stop,' said I, looking around, and listening to the chorus of heavy breathings that had, for sometime past, been swelling upon my ear. 'Raynor—(softly)—Dan—(louder)—Peter—(with vehemence)

Smith—Oliver—Zoph:—You have—you have, by gad: you've put them all to sleep. I'm glad of it. It serves you right. Of what interest is it to these people to know what twaddle was talked at Julia Kleokatrinka's dinner-table? And what right have you to betray the privacies of a hospitable board, into which you may have been, perhaps unworthily, adopted. Shame! shame! It is a just judgment upon you.'

"'It only shows their want of taste,' replied Ned, coolly.

"'Bring up your camels!' sung out Venus, as he turned over on his side, in an uneasy dream about the last thing he heard before he went to sleep. 'Bring up your camels!'

"'So I say,' I continued. 'Get out of the city, Ned, some how or other. If you can't do better, take a balloon. Let's wake the boys up, and then do you travel on. Bring up your camels! Bring up your camels!'

"'I roared this out so loud, as to bring every man upon his feet.

"'I was asleep,' said Raynor, looking as though he wanted to make an apology.

"'Some pork will boil that way,' philosophized the Hicksite.

"'I was dreaming of the my-grab—somethen—dancen-gals. What did you do with 'em, Mr. Locus,' asked Venus, rubbing his eyes. 'Were they pretty? I should like to try 'em on the double-shuffle, heel-and-toe, a small touch. Go it! Hey!'

"'I'm done,' said Ned, sulkily, crossing his arms.

"'No, no; not by some thousands of miles,' cried I. 'We've got to get to the Lanjan Empire, yet.—I knew Ned wanted to spin it out.'

"'It's my 'pinion he'll never reach there to-night,' yawned Long John. 'The wind don't seem to suit, no haaw. What's your sentiments, Peter?'

"'I have my doubts.'"

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#### THE TRUE PATH.

Go forth with a good counsel. Be't thy prayer  
To note its lessoning well. Deny the extreme,  
Keep still the middle path, and modest garb,  
And be a watcher calm, considerate.  
Sit down beneath the pleasant palm, and mark,  
So that thou lend'st thine aid, the toils of man,  
Thy fellow as thyself. Yet rest thee not  
In a vain musing, till old Time shall come,  
With harsher looks than words, and chide thee on,  
Sad, with unwilling feet, to thy last home.  
'Twere the worst word of all, if thou shouldst hear  
The guardian giver of thy benefits,  
Reproach thy stewardship, charging thy slack soul,  
That did forget its duty, glad to lose  
Its solemn debt to heaven; happy to dream,  
Thy profitless life away.



## NAVAL REMINISCENCE.

THE cry at sea of "a man overboard," is always one of the most startling and heart-appalling sounds that strikes upon the seaman's ear. Even the alarm of "rocks," or "breakers," which threatens all with equal danger, seems to excite less anxiety than when one from among them is suddenly hurled into the midst of the broad ocean, there to struggle with the angry wave, which but too often proves his winding-sheet.

The moment the alarm is given, the cry is repeated through all parts of the ship, and is instantly followed by a rush of the officers and crew to the upper deck, where, unless the officer in command is perfectly cool and self-possessed, a scene of confusion is apt to prevail, which not unfrequently defeats the measures which are so necessary to rescue the unfortunate man from his perilous situation. I have myself known valuable lives to be lost from a want of promptitude and presence of mind in the officer of the deck, and also instances of a want of perseverance in the person sent in the boat. Of the latter, I remember a case so remarkable, that the relation of it may point out to some of my young naval friends the impropriety of returning unsuccessfully to the ship, until all hope of saving the life of a fellow-being is entirely at an end.

In the early part of our late war with Great Britain—I believe in August 1812—I was on board the frigate *Essex*, then on her return home from her first cruise. The weather had been mild and pleasant for several days, but with the change of the moon it became unsettled and squally, and bore every appearance of an August storm. We were in no haste, however, and therefore reefed our topsails every night, and made such sail in the morning as the weather would permit. While cruising along in this easy and guarded manner, keeping a bright lookout for the enemy, and ready to make all sail in chase at any moment that we might hear the cheering sound of "sail ho," we were, one dark and gloomy morning, suddenly aroused by the cry of "a man overboard." The ship was instantly hove to, and orders promptly given to cut away the life-buoy, and to lower the lee-quarter boat. In another moment there were more than fifty heads above the hammock-cloths and taffrail, looking anxiously astern, and on both quarters, to discover the man in the water; but no object was to be seen, nor had any one heard the sound of a voice calling out for assistance.

"Who gave the alarm of a man overboard?" inquired the officer of the deck.

"The man at the mast-head," answered one of the foretopmen.

"Did you say there was a man overboard?" said the officer of the deck, hailing the mast-head through his speaking-trumpet.

"Yes sir," replied the lookout.

"In what direction is he?"

"On the larboard bow sir."

"On the larboard bow," muttered the officer of the deck to himself, "how can that be, when the ship was going at the rate of seven knots before she was hove to, unless we have fallen in with a mermaid or a merman!" But his musing was soon cut short, and all doubts of the lookout's report removed by hearing a voice, calling from a distance on the larboard bow, "Ship ahoy!—send a boat—send a boat." The boat being all ready, was immediately sent off, and in a few minutes we had the satisfaction of seeing the poor fellow taken out of the water and brought on board the ship. He was so weak with exertion, and benumbed by the cold, as not to be able to stand, until his limbs had been bathed in brandy, a little administered internally, and his whole person kept wrapt for some time in blankets. The kind attention of our surgeon soon revived his strength and spirits, and in answer to our inquiries he gave the following account of himself:—

"My name is Thomas Robinson—I am one of the seamen belonging to a Richmond schooner, last from the West Indies, bound to the Capes of Virginia. At seven bells of the midwatch, we were struck by a heavy squall, which carried away the fore-topmast in the cap, and as I was the first man aloft to furl the sail, as soon as it might be clewed down, I reached there just in time to go overboard with the broken spar. In my fall I struck against the fore-channels, which bruised my head and eye very much, as you see," pointing to his right eye, which was very much swollen and surrounded by extravasated blood; "and I also became entangled among the loose rigging, to which I endeavoured to hold on; but the craft seemed in such a hurry to get away from the squall, that she jerked every thing loose from my grasp, and soon left me astern, at the mercy of the winds and waves. As she passed me, I sung out at the top of my voice, 'a man overboard,' and immediately heard the captain give the order to clear away the boat. The squall was too heavy to permit them to heave the schooner suddenly to, and thus she ran some distance before the helm was put a-lee; but at last I saw a light separate from her and slowly approach me. This I knew to be a light in the boat, and my heart bounded within me at the prospect of soon being on board again. But my joy was of short duration. The light, which had gradually grown brighter to my eye, seemed to have become stationary. Could it be possible that they intended to give up the search so soon, or did my too anxious eyes deceive me?—I hailed the boat with the whole strength of my voice, but was too distant to be heard. After pulling about in several directions, she at last steered towards the schooner again; and when I saw the

light fairly receding from me, my heart became a weight which seemed as though it would sink me at once. I determined, however, not to give way to despair, but to use all my exertions to keep afloat until daylight, in hopes that some other vessel might be near enough to see me, and come to my relief. This I knew was a slender chance, and scarcely sufficient to cherish hope; but drowning men will not only catch at straws, but hope even against hope. As the morning dawned I could see the schooner at a distance, gradually receding from my view, and eagerly did I search every part of the horizon for some other object, but in vain. Sometimes, as a heaving swell would lift me above the tops of the waves around me, I could fancy that I saw a sail in the distance, but the next moment would destroy the delusion and leave me as hopeless and cheerless as before. At length, as the sun rose, and the clouds which veiled the horizon began to disperse, words cannot describe my joy on discovering this ship to the eastward, standing close hauled, so as to head almost directly for me. Once more my drooping spirits revived, and gave me additional strength to sustain myself in the water; but a moment's reflection warned me against being too sanguine, as so many circumstances might occur to change the ship's course, and lead her several miles distant from me. Two or three times the wind headed her off so far that I was afraid she would not come near me, but a favorable change would again bring her up so as to head towards me: thus at one moment driving me almost to the depths of despair, and at another, raising me to the highest pitch of hope. At length, the wind became steady at south-west, and headed the ship off so far that I judged she would pass within a mile of me. She was at this time six or seven miles off, but being a good swimmer, I did not despair of being able to swim one mile to leeward before she should pass me. I therefore struck out with a good will, and had reached within a cable's length when I heard the lookout at the mast-head call out, 'a man overboard.' This, though a soul-sickening cry on most occasions, was now the most cheering sound I ever heard. I saw the extended hand of the lookout pointing towards me; the ship immediately hove to, and in a few moments after, I was taken out of the water by the boat's crew."

It were needless to attempt a description of this poor fellow's feelings on finding himself once more safe on board ship, after having been in the water more than four hours, exposed to momentary danger of destruction, not only from the elements above and around him, but from those horrid monsters of the deep, the sharks beneath. What a contrast with those he must have experienced a few hours before, when he saw the boat sent in search of him, lie on her oars—change her course—and then return to the schooner, leaving him in the midst of the broad ocean, without even a life-buoy, plank, or spar, on which to support himself in the water.

Here is a positive evidence of the truth of my former remark, that boats sent after men who have fallen overboard, do not persevere sufficiently in the object of their search. In the haste and confusion of heaving to and lowering the boat, time passes rapidly, and the ship runs a greater distance than is imagined; therefore it is a good plan to pull twice as far as your judgment tells you the ship has run, and if nothing is still seen of the man, then to return by a devious course, which will give greater chances of recovering him than by retracing the same course back. I have known instances of men having been saved by this plan, and therefore cannot too earnestly recommend a consideration of it to those whose chance it may be hereafter to perform such duty.

After a few hours rest, our new-comer became quite composed, and, dressed in his new man-of-war's uniform, walked about the deck chatting sociably with our seamen, as they were engaged at their different occupations; but whenever he spoke of the schooner, he seemed sad at the idea of being separated from his shipmates and friends on board, who were no doubt at that moment lamenting his melancholy fate.

Robinson was a man much above the ordinary class of seamen. He had received a good English education, but not liking the dull life of a landsman, served an apprenticeship on board a pilot-boat, and became a Branch Pilot for the James River. The irregular and laborious life of a pilot soon led him to dissipation, and he finally determined on a voyage to the West Indies, in the course of which he became perfectly steady in his habits again, and was considered, by all, the most active seaman on board the schooner, and, from his happy and cheerful disposition, the life of the crew.

The weather had now become settled and mild, a moderate breeze blew from the south-west, and all sail was made in chase of a vessel discovered ahead. We overhauled her rapidly, and as we approached, saw, by the loss of her fore-topmast, that it was the schooner to which Robinson belonged. Our commander, with the readiness which always characterized his generous spirit, immediately ordered one of the top-gallantmasts to be got out from the booms, to be fitted as a topmast for the schooner, and several of our best seamen were directed to be ready to go on board to assist in rigging the mast. As soon as we were within hail, the main-topsail was backed and the boat lowered, and Robinson, with a heart so full that he could scarcely speak, took leave of us, and returned to his own vessel. As the boat touched the schooner's side, he was the first to spring on board, but his shipmates, not recognising him in his new dress, only looked at him for a moment with the same idle curiosity that they did at the rest of the frigate's boat crew. He called them by name, but still they only stared at him with a look of mingled astonishment and incredulity, without advancing a single step to meet him.



"What!" said Robinson, "are you sorry to see me back among you again? If so, I will return to the frigate with these good fellows, who picked me out of the water this morning, more dead than alive."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when the truth of his identity seemed suddenly to flash upon them, and they all gathered around him at once, with the most clamorous expressions of unfeigned joy at again beholding their friend and favorite, whom they verily believed at the bottom of the ocean. One old weather-beaten and rough-featured fore-castleman came hurrying up towards him, with one of his iron hands extended, while with the other he dashed a tear from his eye, and seizing his shipmate by the hand with the delicate pressure of a vice, he attempted to speak, but his feelings for the moment denied him utterance. At last he faltered out in broken sentences—

"D—n it, Tom, I am glad to see you safe on board once more, for we all thought that the bloody sharks had piped to dinner on your carcass long before this. But come, let us go below and have a drop of grog, for we have all been as dull as the drone of a bagpipe ever since you took your unceremonious leave of us this morning in the squall."

They accordingly retired to the fore-castle, drank their grog, and talked over the adventure, while the rest of the crew, assisted by our seamen, rigged the new mast, which happened to be of proper dimensions, and fitted as well as though it had been made for her. As soon as our boat returned, both vessels made sail on their different courses; and we afterwards heard that the schooner arrived safely at Egg-Harbor, having been prevented from entering the Capes of Virginia by the presence of a British squadron.

H.

## SONG.

## I.

Eyes, eyes—ye have led me to ruin,  
 Yet still ye are love'y, and still I adore;  
 Lips, lips—ye have been my undoing,  
 Yet still must I love ye, and love evermore.  
 Ye are fatal to fame, and I give up endeavor,  
 I seek but to live in the balm ye bestow;—  
 Ye bid me despair of my hope, and, Oh! never,  
 My spirit may dream of enjoyment below.

## II.

Wherefore, young heart, thus cruelly sinning,  
 So sadly 'gainst nature, and beauty, and truth;  
 With eyes so bright, and with lips so winning,  
 Why thus condemn me to sorrow in youth—  
 Canst thou not feel, whilst evermore lavishing  
 Each charming feature of feeling and faith;  
 Nor let eyes so bright, nor let lips so ravishing,  
 Doom hearts so devoted to sorrow and scaith.

## THE ROMAN SWAN.

Non usitata, non teneri ferar  
 Penna biformis per liquidum æthera  
 Vates ———  
 Jamjam residunt cruribus asperæ  
 Pelles, et album mutor in alitem  
 Superna: nascunturque leves  
 Per digitos humerosque plumæ—  
 Visam gementis litora Bosphori,  
 Syrtesque Gætulas, canorus  
 Ales, Hyperboreosque campos.

*Horace. Ode 20. Book 5.*

If not unpleasing awe e'er touched thy heart  
 At storied lore the bards of eld impart,  
 Gifted with prophet's eye, and poet's fire,  
 Who woke to nature's mysteries their lyre:  
 Condemn not, if I stir the selfsame string  
 Which thrilled when Chaucer sung the magic ring  
 Of Canace, which gave its owner power  
 To list the warblers of the summer hour,  
 And whether joy or sorrow swelled their throat,  
 To know and give the meaning to each note.  
 When wasting studies more than age now urge  
 My trembling steps to touch the mortal verge,  
 Too late I grasp the dearly purchased spell,  
 Too late t' enjoy its use—but not to tell.  
 Then scorn me not as uttering idle dreams,  
 But rather kindly think on one who deems  
 The secrets to the world should be confessed,  
 Which else had perished in this feeble breast.

As once at sunset with my ring I strayed  
 Where laurel-trees with myrtles join their shade,  
 The themes of passion, jealousy, and love,  
 Which sway in mortals, echoed in the grove;  
 For, spite of reason, I confess with shame,  
 The hearts of men and birds are much the same.  
 While now with cheerful, now with mournful song,  
 These pretty warblers would their notes prolong,  
 As in a musing mood the moments past,  
 Beneath a laurel bough my limbs I cast.  
 Reclining thus, I spied the birds among,  
 A swan, whose tones with heavenly music rung,  
 Of most transcending whiteness, and in grace  
 And pride, the foremost of that snowy race.  
 A stranger-bird, it seemed awhile to stay  
 In this fair spot to rest upon its way;  
 And the light laurel leaves, 'mong which alone  
 It cared to linger, as a spell were thrown  
 E'en upon *them*, would cluster round its head,  
 And on its crest a verdant chaplet spread.  
 Bright flashed its eye, and at each nobler note  
 The list'ning birds in rings would near it float.

Touched by its numbers, aided by my ring,  
 Enraptured more and more, I heard it sing.  
 This swan was Horace—yes—the prophet-bard,  
 Who claimed a deathless future as reward,  
 Plumed as a swan, through blest Elysium roved  
 With each poetic genius that he loved;  
 Where soaring Pindar, and Simonides  
 Were wafted through the air on wings like these.  
 Lured by the voice of praise the grove he left,  
 And far had wandered, till at length bereft  
 Of guide or chart in the expanse immense  
 He lighted here, nor knew his way from hence.  
 "A gentle clime it seems, but still unknown,  
 And newer than the country once my own—  
 Oh tell me then, ye denizens of air,  
 How wing my flight to gain those regions fair?"  
 "Those regions fair, alas! to us denied,  
 Are far beyond our track," each bird replied,  
 "Nor unless other pilot-mark be known,  
 Can the bright happy path by us be shown."  
 The swan then warbled forth in carols sweet  
 The varied pleasures of that calm retreat,  
 Where measured numbers echoing groves prolong,  
 And their existence is a life of song.  
 A lake flows near, now bright, now lost in glooms,  
 Clear as the air, and gentle as the plumes  
 That press its bosom, when in concourse meet  
 The gifted swans, and fav'rite themes repeat.  
 "Though freed from human failings, still we know  
 And love the fame which waits our names below;  
 Nor envy reaches us, nor thought of care,  
 But love and blest communion habit there.  
 Ye ever-verdant haunts, ye friends so dear,  
 How do I long once more to see, to hear!"  
 "But how?" inquired the birds, "how know the scene?"  
 "You'll know it by its fields of richest green;  
 Its branching laurels, and its lovely flowers,  
 Its lake of crystal, and its tuneful bowers,  
 Whose fragrance far diffused the swan will meet,  
 And call him journeying homeward to his seat.  
 Or if too distant, sparkling o'er the grove,  
 A star to guide him lifts its lamp above—  
 Now though the sun is set, and first its light  
 At twilight hour precedes the coming night,  
 I see it not"—scarce had he said, when high  
 A cloud, that seemed a portion of the sky,  
 Moved past, and streaming forth the expected star  
 Gleamed on his eye—"Farewell, I fly afar  
 To other realms," he cried, and, from his head  
 Shaking the laurel leaves, his pinions spread;  
 His milk-white plumage glittered in the light,  
 But soon the Roman Swan was lost to sight.

R.

## THE NATURALIST.

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IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

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I WELL recollect the wonder with which, in my earlier days, I perused accounts of the enthusiastic, self-sacrificing devotion to their favorite pursuit, which eminent naturalists have sometimes manifested.

I was always an ardent lover of nature; it has ever been my delight to look upon her scenes of grandeur: yet I could with difficulty conceive of that all-absorbing admiration of her beauty which must have animated those who, leaving the blessings of civilization, have braved every danger, that they might behold her in the enchanting wildness with which she was invested by her Creator.

An intimate acquaintance, however, accidentally formed with a naturalist, than whom none could be more enthusiastic, has effectually convinced me that some minds, from their very constitution, derive their highest happiness from the contemplation of the benevolence and wisdom of the omnipotent Architect, as manifested in the glorious beauty of the universe. Thousands waste the brief period of earthly existence without bestowing one serious thought upon the splendor or the mystery that surrounds us. They may look abroad when all nature beams with beauty; in the silent solemn hour of night, they may gaze upwards into the depths of creation, and the senseless throng will not be fired by one ennobling thought. They

“Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
His favorite phantom.”

But there have been a few high spirits that delight to look upon this teeming world and the radiant heavens; not as a gilded pageant, but as replete with the riches of the wisdom of the Eternal. Such an individual it has been my envied lot to rank among my dearest friends; and now that he has been gathered to the tomb, and years have intervened since I last looked upon his noble features, it affords me a melancholy pleasure to live over again, in memory, the hours that I have spent with him.

Thirty years have elapsed since business requiring my presence in Quito, I visited the Andes; and the impressions I then received are still as vivid as when I first beheld those stupendous pillars of Heaven. The city of Quito is situated in the most remarkable portion of the Andes. Below this, at a point south of Cuenza, these lofty mountains, no longer united in one majestic range, separate into two distinct chains, and proceeding northward about five hundred miles, they again unite



into one unbroken trunk. Upon, around, and between those separate chains, are concentrated more of the beauty, the grandeur, and the sublimity of nature, than perhaps in any other portion of the world. Here are crowded together the loftiest peaks of the Andes. Carazan, Chimborazo, Cayamburo, Cotopaxi, and a hundred others on the east and on the west seem to pierce high heaven with their cloud-capped summits. Between the two chains is one of the loveliest valleys on which shines the sun; its silver streams, its genial air, and luxuriant soil, combine to render it one of the brightest portions of the earth; and the gloomy mountains which surround it, seem like the ruins of a world, piled in high battlements. Never can I forget the powerful emotions with which I first looked upon this lovely vale. An arduous and dangerous journey from the western coast to the mountains, in the extreme heat of the tropics, and through forests so dense as scarcely to permit a passage, had much reduced the strength which the toilsome ascent of the mountains completely prostrated. The keen winds that swept over the desolate paramo chilled every nerve. Disheartened by the cheerless prospect and benumbed by cold, I was almost in despair of proceeding, when reaching the summit of the ridge, the scene that opened to my view gave buoyancy to my jaded spirits. Never could contrast be more striking. The shrill winds that whistled round me, tossed into whirling eddies the powdered snow, and the freezing mists that frequently swept by, seemed to throw around a sheet of ice. But beneath, nature, as if aiming at perfection, had invested an enchanting valley with every charm. The velvet meadow, the waving forest, the silvery waters—all were there. A meridian sun poured into it a flood of radiance; and on every side the mountains, peering to the clouds, seemed to give brightness to its beauty, thus contrasted with their own sombre majesty. A scene so lovely reanimated my exhausted frame, and I stood gazing with unmixed admiration, until roused by the impatient voice of my guide, who admonished me that night would fall before we could descend the mountains. We proceeded until the objects around us began to fade in the shadows of evening. Our descent now became dangerous. Sometimes we were confined to a narrow path upon the verge of a frightful precipice, with a wild torrent raging below; and at others, obliged to slide with incredible rapidity down precipitous declivities, where nothing but the admirable calmness and instinct of our mules could ensure our safety. Without these faithful animals a passage over the Andes would be impracticable. So sure-footed are they, that they slide with the swiftness of wind down steep and winding paths, where a misstep would precipitate them into a yawning abyss, or dash them to atoms.

Exceedingly apprehensive of accident, I inquired of my guide if we were not near some habitation that could afford us accommodation until morning. He answered that some distance to our left was the hamlet

of Senor Perolya, who was called by the inhabitants of the valley, the Stranger of the Mountain. Struck with the epithet, I was led to inquire more particularly regarding this individual. All the information my guide could impart, was simply, that he was a foreigner of considerable wealth, who, many years before, had arrived at the valley with a small family; that he had erected a beautiful cottage in one of the most delightful portions of the wild scenery around us; that he also frequently visited the villages of the plain upon errands of charity; and that the greater portion of his time was spent in rambling over the mountains, in collecting curiosities, in observing the heavens, and in acts of devotion.

Being naturally so constituted as to derive great pleasure from the observation of strongly-marked characters, I neglected not to avail myself of the opportunity now presented, to learn more of this singular individual. We immediately directed our course to his dwelling, which we reached in safety, soon after the darkness of night had veiled the landscape. Upon application for admittance, a tall muscular Indian presented himself, and after a moment's conversation with my guide conducted me to the apartment of his master, where I was most cordially received.

I have travelled much during a varied life of more than ordinary duration: I have seen men of every variety of form, and have ever particularly observed their peculiarities; but never have I met with an individual so eminently endowed with manly beauty as Senor Perolya. His stately figure, and princely carriage, plainly declared him one of *nature's* noblemen. When I beheld him, sixty summers had silvered the flowing locks that still clustered with all their wonted luxuriance around a head that all would notice as the mansion of a lofty soul. From his deep clear eye, "the window of the mind," there beamed a resistless charm; it still glowed with youthful ardor, but it was a heavenly lustre, as if the guileless soul within longed to soar upward, and mingle with kindred spirits who bow before the Eternal's throne. A large Bible lay open before him. Casting my eye upon the page, I found he had been perusing one of the most eloquent portions of Isaiah; and by a natural association I almost fancied that the lofty spirit of the ancient prophet had been re-embodied in the form before me. The apartment where I found him, although small, was furnished with many of the ornaments and even luxuries of European life; but selected and arranged with such perfect taste, as left nothing for the eye to censure, or the heart to desire. A neat case, occupying an entire side of the room, contained his library; which I found to consist of the choicest theological, philosophical, and literary works of our own tongue, together with many in French, Italian, and Spanish. A moment sufficed to explain to Senor Perolya the circumstances which had induced my visit; and such was his frank and cordial kindness, that, divested of all

restraint, we were soon engaged in conversation as intimate and unrestrained as though years had cemented our friendship.

Delighted with the character of the naturalist, I yielded to his pressing solicitation to delay my journey for a short period. During an evening's conversation with him, after a week's residence upon the Andes, I expressed surprise that an European, and one evidently born to affluence, should have left home and kindred to spend his days in these wild and lonely regions. His answer was an epitome of his life; and the deep feeling manifested in this brief recital, convinced me that his was indeed a gifted mind.

"My father," said Senor Perolya, "was an Italian nobleman of considerable wealth. At the age of twenty-two he married an English lady of great intelligence and amiability to whom he had become ardently attached whilst travelling in Great Britain. After this union, my father, whose pure heart was shocked with the arrogance of one portion of his countrymen, and the extreme degradation of the other, adopted the land of his wife's nativity as his place of residence. I was born a few years after. Being the only issue of their union, I received from infancy the exclusive and continued attention of two as kind parents as ever child possessed. At the age of twenty I had the misfortune to lose them. In one short week, the father whom I almost adored, and the mother whose ceaseless love had bound her to my very soul, were swept from me by relentless death. The blow was overwhelming.

Before, life had been to me as a delicious dream. Did care intrude, or sorrow for a moment damp my ardor, a father's kindness, a mother's sympathy, were ever as a soothing balm. But now I seemed to be without the spring of being; the source of love; and all was gloom. Yet even in my deepest grief, so strange is man, I was not joyless. When my thoughts turned towards heaven, I felt, and it was ecstasy, that the pure beings who had been saints on earth had left me to be angels there. Time rolled on. The fortune left me by my father satisfied every want; and I now devoted myself exclusively to the study of nature. This from early childhood has always been my favorite pursuit. To look upon the bright world, the sparkling firmament, to contemplate the exquisite mechanism of nature on earth, or the heaven's sublime machinery, has ever been my chief delight. To advance in knowledge is the mind's greatest happiness; and surely the study of nature's volume is most instructive, where every atom is eloquent with the wisdom of Him who is omniscience. Ten years after the death of my parents, I was united to one of the brightest beings that ever graced the earth. Left an orphan in early childhood, she had lived under the care of an aged aunt in complete retirement. Excluded from the bustle of life, and the excitement of fashion, she had devoted herself entirely to mental improvement; and the course she had pursued had given an exquisite finish to an intellect by nature exalted. Having never ex-

perienced the cold heartlessness of worldlings, she believed that all were guileless as herself. Love was to her the spring of being. Her tastes also were congenial with my own. The ardent love of nature which actuated me was also her distinctive trait. Such was the being who enlisted every feeling of my soul. I had ever from early youth possessed a strong desire to behold the stupendous mountains, and the sublime scenery which now surround us. My wife also was influenced by the same desire; and as there were few ties to bind us to England, after the death of her aunt, we left that land a few years after our marriage, and came to this delightful region.

“Here, mutually loving and beloved, the current of existence glided serenely on. To enjoy each other’s presence, and to commune with that Spirit whose voice is echoed from every object in the vast universe, was all our desire. The birth of a daughter was another source of joy, to those whose happiness was already too perfect to be enduring. A few years after, an event occurred which eclipsed the bright scene, and rudely snatched the loveliest flower from this fair Eden. Since my arrival here no important eruption of any of the vast mountains, enveloping the valley, had occurred, although nearly all appeared to have been of volcanic origin, and some were in a state of inflammation. I had long been strongly desirous of witnessing the sublime phenomena attending an eruption. A mountain rising from its mighty base, veiled in dark foliage in one stupendous column, till its lofty summit is lost in the regions of eternal snow, where, far above the clouds, it seems to smile in calm security at the rage of the wild winds which dash around it, is an object of indescribable grandeur. But when this mighty pyramid becomes the outlet of an exhaustless furnace; when its lofty summit becomes the base of a still loftier column of consuming flame, which rolls upward with resistless fury, we have an exhibition of Omnipotence almost beyond conception. A scene like this I longed to behold. Alas! my curiosity was too soon fatally gratified.

For several years after our arrival, we resided in a neat cottage upon Mount Antisana, a peak overhanging the valley on the east, about thirty miles south-east from Quito. Our situation was sufficiently elevated to command an enchanting view of the valley studded with neat villages, teeming with luxuriance, as well as the surrounding mountains, which, rising in gloomy grandeur, seemed sullen guards of the lovely vale between them. Mount Antisana, though decidedly volcanic, had for a long time slept in uninterrupted repose. Its fires, if not extinguished, were raging so deep in the bowels of the earth, that no trace of their existence could be discovered. Several weeks, however, prior to the event I am about to relate, the mountains began to exhibit signs of a volcanic tendency. Deep rumbling sounds were sometimes heard, proceeding from the depths of its huge base. Dense volumes of black smoke frequently rose from its vast crater, and overhanging the valley,



would envelop it as with the shades of night. At times the lofty crater would gleam with a transient flash, as the light sent up from its fiery depths was reflected to the earth. These symptoms of an approaching eruption were not viewed without alarm. Many of the inhabitants of the valley left it for the surrounding heights, where they would be secure from an inundation, which invariably accompanies an eruption. I also had commenced preparations to remove to some neighboring mountain, where I could witness the scene, exempt from immediate danger. Suddenly every alarming indication ceased. The mountain relapsed into a state of repose. The snow was again suffered to accumulate unmolested upon its summit; and all believed the threatened storm had passed. Alas! how erring is man's judgment.

I was busily engaged one evening in arranging a collection of minerals I had just received from a distant portion of the Andes. Among them were a few rare crystals of varied and brilliant colors. One of these my little girl, then four years old, had taken, and tired with play had set down a short distance from me. My wife stood over her, weaving her fingers in the clustering locks of her bright child, whose laughing eye was tracing with an infant's eagerness the colored veins of the beautiful crystal. I continued for some moments diligently engaged in my occupation. At length, a long faint sigh fell on my ear. I turned towards my wife; she still gazed with all a mother's tenderness upon her child; yet her face was sad, and in her full eye there was a melancholy loveliness, as though her soul was troubled by thoughts, pleasing, yet painful.

"What pains thee, dearest?" said I, approaching her. She looked on me with a face of fond affection that is still vivid in my memory; and throwing her arms around me, for a moment sobbed in silence.

"My husband," said she at length, "how wildly happy have we been since we first loved. When I think upon the bright years which have glided so calmly by us that we were scarce conscious of their lapse; when memory reflects the unnumbered blessings we have shared, I tremble."

"Why tremble, dearest? Does not the same kind Being that first gave us hearts, and happiness, still smile above us?"

"Yes, husband. But our joys have been too bright for this changing world. They cannot last. Life is a pilgrimage. And should we much longer live, and love as we have done, our frail hearts would cling too strongly to this earth, to be prepared for entrance into a holier world."

She placed her head upon my breast; a tear dimmed her clear eye, and as I fondly kissed her cheek, I thought she never seemed so lovely.—That evening was her last.—At midnight, a rattling peal, loud, fierce, as if the vast mountain had been rent asunder, broke our slumbers. My window looked upon a neighboring mountain. The sheet of snow

which wrapt its summit, now gleamed with a ghastly light which streamed on it from the lurid crater of Antisana. We suddenly arose and issued from the cottage. Oh! how awful was the scene we there beheld. The subterranean fires, so long smothered, had now become resistless; and belching from the vast crater, they rolled upward with fiendish energy, in one lofty, dazzling, burning column. Our first impulse was to fly. But we were deterred from this by our Indian attendant, who assured us, that even were we able to reach the valley, we could not escape the inundation which always ensues, arising from the torrents of melted snow, or of water thrown up from the crater, which rushing down the mountain, accumulates at its base. The only alternative was calmly to await our fate. Leaving my child with the Indian at the cottage, my wife accompanied me a short distance above, where we could obtain a full view of the sublime and awful scene. A vast cloud, poised in the thick air, now overhung the valley. Reflecting to the earth, the ghastly light which streamed from the fierce volcano, it invested every object with an unearthly glare. Suddenly a stunning sound seemed to pierce our ears. Instinctively we looked upward. A mighty torrent was leaping madly down the mountain; with a tremendous, deafening roar, it rushed wildly on. It entered a dense forest above us. The gigantic trees snapped like fragile reeds, under the resistless fury of the cataract. Quick as thought, I caught up my wife to fly. But the horrid stream turned from us, and plunged into a deep ravine a short distance to the left. Here it dashed on, bearing the proud ornaments of the forest upon its foaming surface. Oh! who can paint the horrors of that scene? the rolling flames which seemed to stretch to Heaven; the thundering torrent; the lurid sky; and the unearthly light with which all nature gleamed, were terrors before which the boldest heart would quail. As we surveyed the awful spectacle, a mighty tree borne on the torrent, struck a rock some distance above us. The shock was so tremendous that an immense limb was wrenched from the huge trunk, and sent onward through the air. I saw it in its deadly course as it whirled towards my wife, who unconscious of its approach, stood where I had left her but the instant before to go a short distance up the mountain. With the energy of despair I flew to save her. But alas! in vain. The fatal limb struck her to the earth—never to rise again. I caught her in my arms. The vital flame still feebly flickered. Wild with grief, I raised a shout even above the deafening torrent. The Indian heard it and immediately ran to me. We instantly conveyed her to the cottage, where every expedient was employed to reanimate her frame. For an instant she revived. A heavenly smile played on her features. She turned her eyes for the last time upon me, with a look of deep unutterable love, that sent a thrill through every nerve. Her lips faintly moved. I bent low my ear to catch the precious sounds, but they were lost in

the wild terrific battle of the elements. She feebly pressed my hand. I felt a slight shiver in her frame,—her last breath fanned my cheek. I looked again upon her countenance. But “the silver chord was broken.” The earthly tenement was still beautiful as an evening sky faintly illumined by the last lingering kiss of day. But the sun had set. The celestial spirit—the image of Divinity had flown to brighter regions. Oh! the withering anguish of my soul. In an agony of grief, I threw myself beside her. I kissed her cheek. Death’s marble coldness was spreading there. I placed my head upon her breast. But the heart which had so often throbbed with deep affection, was motionless. I fondly breathed her name. That name which she had so oft answered with an endearing epithet, and look of love, was now unheeded. It fell upon “the dull cold ear of death.”

Meanwhile the flames and torrent were still active in their destroying work. Morning dawned. But the light of day added new horrors to the scene, by revealing the awful effects of their resistless rage. Above, the luxuriant forest which but yesterday was bright with beauty, had been levelled by the torrent. Its proudest ornaments now floated upon the waters which deluged the once blooming vale. It seemed to me that morn as I met on every side with some melancholy evidence of the volcano’s power, that all nature was arrayed in mourning, as a fit emblem of the desolation of my heart. Did I look towards some favorite haunt, where I had ever seen nature in her loveliest garb—the destroying elements had scathed its verdure. “It was left unto me desolate;” and alas! the world without, was a too frightful picture of the world within. Towards evening, the eruption began sensibly to abate. By the following morning it had entirely ceased; having in a few short hours transformed some of the fairest spots on which the eye ever rested, into a reeking ruin.

The hues of twilight began to appear, as the Indian and myself performed the last sad office to the remains of my wife. The spot selected for her burial, had been one of her favorite walks. It was a lovely dell, which we had a thousand times visited together, at the twilight hour. I now knelt beside her coffin, in the same spot where she had oft bent beside me, and breathed a fervent prayer to Him who had received her spirit. My little girl had been for some moments resting her warm cheek upon the pallid features of her departed parent. At length, she raised herself from the lifeless form, and placing her tiny hands in mine, looked on me with her streaming eyes. She was the image of her mother. I pressed her to my breast. Her little heart throbbed almost to bursting as she exclaimed, “my mother will never wake.” The guileless infant had never before seen death. She was ignorant of its nature. With a child’s simplicity, she thought her parent only slept; and for the thousandth time had been practising every endearing art to rouse her from her lethargy. The beautiful affection of

my child was more than I could bear. In the bitterest anguish I exclaimed, "Oh! can it be that the lovely form which but a few short hours ago thrilled with the emotions of an angelic spirit, is now inanimate as marble? Can it be that she who has ever seemed to me a heavenly messenger, a precious boon from the God of love, has been cut off by one cruel stroke, in the brightness of her beauty?" Truly, truly, "life is a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

I imprinted a parting kiss upon her pale countenance; I took a last, lingering look of those angel features upon which, in brighter days, I had so oft gazed with rapture, and folding the child to my breast, returned to my lonely cottage. Oh! how heart-rending are the emotions which rush upon the mind, when we have taken a final leave of the remains of a departed loved-one. The soul clings with mournful tenderness to the dear form, even after the kindling spirit has winged its flight. But when we are deprived of the sad pleasure of gazing upon even this; when the cold grave has received the tenement of that soul which was once linked to our very being, we become, indeed, conscious of our loss. It is then that the warm affections we have lavished on the departed, flow back upon the heart in a suffocating torrent.

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LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

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NUMBER TWO.

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"AND dost thou think of me sometimes, beautiful Inez? Do thy young thoughts steal away to him whose mind never wanders from thee? Doth the crowd of gay worshippers that kneel to thy charms still leave room for my shadow to hover noticed near? And thou wishest, too, my own one, that my letters should not alone record each incident that passes while I am away, but that they should bear the impress of each thought and feeling of the soul that still turns to thee where'er my footsteps lead. Thou wouldst that" — — — — —

Certainly, our souls must transmigrate—and that too while vitality still lives in all the functions of our grosser system. How otherwise can we thus lose our moral identity. The faded characters of this letter I know to be mine, the twenty years that have elapsed since it was written have left the mechanical imprint of my fingers the same. But I—myself—I am not the one that thought and felt as they would have me believe. Gone—gone—for ever gone—gone like

"The leaf in the stream that can never return"—

gone like the star that went out in the sky when none were watching—



gone like the life that escaped from the limbs of Meleager when his mother consumed the mystic brand upon which his existence depended.

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*Wednesday.*—I spent yesterday in arranging some old letters, and had an awful attack of the blue devils in consequence. I never was one of those who could understand what the sentimental writers call “enjoying a pleasing melancholy.” I should as soon think of *enjoying* a fit of the gout. And as for reviving old associations—disinterring the buried memories from the tomb of my soul—as for taking pleasure in that! why I would just as soon seek satisfaction in a catacomb of the departed friends of my youth. I would *rather*—yes I would—sit cheek-by-jowl with the dead—the inanimate dead—than make companions of thoughts, which, viper-like, quicken into annoying existence the moment they are quarried from the flint where they have lain harmlessly torpid. Pshaw—I’m getting Byronic. This comes of eating cheese and drinking sherry that has not been properly decanted. I must go see Power.

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*Sunday.*—I heard Mr. — preach this morning. There’s a good deal of the divine afflatus about that man. He always addresses himself to *both* my natures. The elements of his discourse are gathered from the most familiar stores of this work-day world—homely but strong, and rudely fashioned in themselves, but appositely placed together—like a pyre of faggots upon a holy altar of old—they seem kindled at last by fire from heaven itself. The ponderous war-club, with which the preacher at one moment beats down the ranks of infidelity, is transformed the next into the torch which marshals the faithful to victory.

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It has often occurred to me that the clergymen of our country mingle too little with the world to give full efficiency to their office. They are too often like soldiers, well skilled in the use of their weapons, but ignorant of the enemy they are to fight against. Ten years of active life in Wall-street, or the Court of Sessions, would, I think, form the best introductory school for the pulpit. Men whose minds are so rarely kindled by the collision, or shaped by the attrition of society, must labor under an immense disadvantage in their efforts to awaken electric feeling in others, or to adapt the workings of their intellect to the calibre of those around them. If truth comes only from heaven, there is no need in preaching, but if the preacher be the instrument of heaven, the agent must in some degree be fashioned according to the material upon which it has to operate.

I took this ground in an argument with Mrs. — the other night, and I cannot but think that I was right. Unhappily, however, for the

progress of society, there are those who read the only book of true knowledge so strangely, that they seem to learn thence that the essence of religion consists in withdrawing ourselves from all communion with our fellows: while in fact the spirit of Christianity is at war with all monkish seclusion, and acknowledges only those virtues to be such which flourish in the breath of a blighting world; which lead us abroad to mingle with our fellows; to test our truth and charity by temptation and sympathy; to take human nature as we find it, and better it where we may; to sit down with publicans and Pharisees at the board; to be all things to all men. The first receivers of the word, had they banded together and buried themselves in a monastery, would have been about as true to their trust as are some of our modern pious who shrink so sensitively from a contact with the follies of the world. Christianity is emphatically the religion of *society*; there is no disposition of man in the highest social state to which he is capable of attaining, that is not cared for in its provisions; but how can those provisions ever elevate and improve the condition of mankind at large, if they who are earliest embraced in them go out from the rest as a separate people, and let the blessings meant for all perish with a few.

It may indeed be dangerous thus to expose the flock to the perils which perhaps the shepherd alone ought to encounter; but what would we think of a missionary, who wrapt his converts out of sight the moment they were made, instead of leaving them to add to their numbers from their heathen brethren around them? I regard every clergyman as a missionary.

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You cannot argue with a woman. Her opinions are half the time merely prejudices; and, while she mistakes dogmatising for discussion, you can hardly expect a fair interchange of sentiment upon any abstract subject. If you corner her in an argument, she throws herself upon the prerogative of her sex; and, if in the course of your reasoning, you do flash conviction upon her mind, she deprives you of the satisfaction of a full demonstration, by jumping at once to your conclusion. Like a spirited, but ill-trained pointer, she first hunts wide in spite of all your efforts to keep her to the game, and then flushes your bird before you can get your finger on the trigger.

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The mind may draw its strength from solitude, but it derives its suppleness from society; and *adaptability*, with slender acquirements, better fits one for shining in company, than the profoundest intellectual resources without it. But, though versatility be so attractive a quality, how rarely do we meet with those who either have possessed it nat-

urally, or cultivated it with success. To give the body a just development of its proportions, each separate muscle must be duly exercised, and every faculty of the mind should receive its proper share of cultivation, to perfect the understanding. But our minds, like our bodies, are generally exercised at random, and the improvement of some of their powers too often purchased with the neglect, and consequent enfeeblement, of others, while not one in a million can boast that union of strength and elasticity, that has been so whimsically assimilated to the trunk of an elephant, which, in the words of Peter Pindar—

“Can pick up pins, and yet possess the vigor,  
For trimming well the jacket of a tiger.”

Most ordinary people can talk well upon some one subject, but how few are there who can happily discuss a dozen, or even maintain their ground in an excursive conversation with sufficient ability, to act as the drawer out of others. Conversational, in fact, seems the rarest of talents, when we recollect how few are noted for its possession, and that even they who enjoy the reputation of talking well, more frequently harangue instead of conversing,—pouring out their own thoughts with eloquence, but never mingling the stream with another's. It is one thing to delight a whole table, and another, to fix the favor of each one present at it, by eliciting their powers of entertainment.

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Some species of mental pain is like steam; and care, though when unconfined, it dissipates in air, and when shut up too closely, it shatters the mind that would so repress it; yet properly managed it may, in strong understandings, conduce to their moral energies; at least, I have no doubt that some of the happiest productions of genius owe their brilliancy, if not their birth, to the intensity of mind their authors have brought to one subject, in the strenuous effort to distract their thoughts from another.

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*Tuesday.*—Love is a bad tenant for one's bosom; for when compelled to quit, he always leaves the mansion more or less out of repair. I saw Flora F. at Mrs. ———'s soiree last night, and was amazed to hear a girl of her sense sport the opinions she did. A baffled attachment certainly spoils a woman in most cases, though it as certainly mellows their disposition delightfully in others. It depends entirely whether, when discomforted, she make society or religion her *point d'appui*—these being the only resources, and muniments to which she may retreat and be upholden. Love with woman is like the celebrated Greek fire, which it was impossible to detach from the object upon which it

fastened, without the excision of an integral part. The best half of that girl's heart must be gone, or she never could have sung that song with so little emotion. It was one that poor F. wrote for her a few months before he died, and which, telling his story so faithfully, years ago, portrayed her own situation so singularly at present. C—— says that the imitation of the Waller and Sedley school is too servile; but, in spite of its old English conceits, I certainly think there is a dash of true feeling in the following :—

## SONG.

I WILL love thee no more—'tis a waste of the heart,  
This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part—  
Who, heedless the treasure a life could not earn,  
Squanders forth, where he vainly may look for return.

I will love thee no more—it is folly to give  
Our best years to one when for many we live;  
And he who the world will thus barter for one,  
I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love thee no more—it is heathenish thus  
To kneel to an idol which bends not to us;  
Which heeds not, which recks not, which cares not for aught  
That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love thee no more—for no love is without  
Its limit in measure—and mine hath run out:  
Thou engrossest it all—and till some thou'lt restore—  
Than at present I love—I *can* love thee no more.

LILLIAN.

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LIFE ON THE OREGON.

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NUMBER TWO.

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A GLANCE at the map of the continent we inhabit, will show what regions still remain in the occupancy of the former lords of the whole—regions

“Where thou and thine, have not as yet usurped  
Their domination, royalties, and rights.”

Over this vast extent, including within its limits every variety of clime and soil—the parched plains of the Orinea, and the sterile tracts of polar ice—roam one race of people. They differ in some of the minor attributes, but all possess a general feature. Apathy of character is their distinguishing trait. An impenetrable coldness of disposition is



common to all. Like their own scentless\* flower, told of by Captain Franklin, they are incased in ice. Our joys and our griefs, our hopes and our anxieties, are strangers to their hearts; neither clime nor circumstance operate on their stoical natures. Wrapped in their panoply they have held in scorn tortures which the ingenuity of devils might envy, and set at nought the skill of the physiognomist, in reading their steady black eye and immoveable countenance. Love of country, chivalrous feeling, or deep conviction of particular religious tenets, have induced individuals, in all countries and in all ages, to submit, with undaunted demeanor, to the severest proofs man can give of the sincerity of his motives.

These isolated instances are far from forming the characteristic disposition of any entire race. Chance has so willed it, that in my day I have peregrinated over the *Yllanos*, through which the impetuous Meta dashes with an untired current, to join the turbid Orinoco. I have held converse there with the natives, who carry on "*guerra hasta la muerte*" with the intruders on their soil—the boasting yet fiery Creole. My lot has also cast me among the natives of Norfolk Sound, in the frigid zone, who are equally implacable against the trespassers on their grounds,—the horde of Russian serfs, who, "of hosts, have inhospitably endeavored to make slaves;" and, to my mind, this apathy and coldness of character has been equally exhibited. On the Columbia River and its tributaries, I have more closely observed the Indians, before polluted by intercourse with white men, both in the soul-stirring occupations of life, and in the domestic circle, the test of character. In the former no resistless passion,

"Too fierce to be in fetters bound,"

hurries them on to acts contradictory of their national trait. The emotions of love, jealousy, revenge, ambition, insulted honor, chivalrous feelings, which prompt other men to do daring deeds, and

"Place their lives upon a cast,  
And stand the hazard of the die,"

rule with feeble sway the cold-blooded Indian. Even the desire of possessing the renown of personal courage—the strongest incentive to action, and the shortest road to honor, among all uncivilized nations—never prompts their bravest warrior openly to meet his foe, face to face. By patient endurance of the winter's cold, or summer's sun, he gains a shelter, whence he can send his unerring arrow through the heart of his enemy; or if taken in his own toils he meets the tauntings of his foe, and the torments to which he is doomed, with a countenance as impassive as that of his persecutors.

In the latter—and in circumstances in which the civilized being can

\* Captain Franklin found, in the polar regions, a flower in full bloom, enclosed in a solid body of ice.

only bring to his aid, and that how vainly, reason, reflection, and mighty endeavor, to qualify the escape of his emotions—the uncultured and rude Indian has added proof upon proof, that he requires not wisdom to modify feelings which do not exist.

In the direct calamity of social life, when the fell destroyer makes his appearance, and strikes with his irreveritable dart the father of a family, the mother of helpless infants, or the children that have wound themselves round our hearts, we in vain look for those evidences of feeling which one would suppose inseparable from our nature: a mournful dirge, the loss of a few locks of hair, or the sacrifice of some living thing, to the manes of the deceased, are the chief tokens of grief they exhibit. The sorrow that will not be comforted, when the mind reflects on the deprivation, the tears which flow from the very fountain of the soul, when ties like these are rent asunder, the lacerating emotion of despair which penetrates our bosoms, when death has set his chill stamp on such loved objects—find no resting place in their heart of hearts. These impulses, which make us

“Weep our sad bosoms empty,”

are the concomitants of nations both rude and civilized. The absence of them in the constitution of our aborigines is not to be attributed to their uncultured and barbarous state, but to that peculiar coldness of character which marks them a distinct race.

What you want, however, Messrs. Editors, is incident, illustrative of a voyageur's life, and Indian character, and therefore there is enough—*satis jam satis*—of vague dissertation. Like the *Amphytrion ou l'on dine*, I must be the hero of my own tale, unless “after the invariable custom” of the editor of the —, who so amiably talks of his neighbor, and

“Whose heart accordeth with his tongue,  
Seeing the deed is meritorious”—

you may be pleased to consider me an impersonality.

Our *cachè*, which I told you in my former communication had been made on hearing the news of the war, was on the banks of the Shahaptin River, a few miles above its junction with the Camoenum. We had, early in the fall of 1812, ascended the former as far as it was practicable to drag the canoes, with a view of establishing a trading-post, which might unite the requisites of procuring furs, and the *de quoi manger*. The sterile country through which the Shahaptin poured, promised little for our first object, and the other, which was equally necessary, our bourgeois thought could be best attained by building our winter quarters near the confluence of the Shahaptin and Camoenum rivers, and among the Shahaptin nation, quiet and peaceable folks, who devoted themselves to the rearing of numerous herds of horses, with which they supplied their more turbulent and warlike neighbors—the Tashepas of the Camoenum on the one side of their grounds, and

the Courtenois and Flatheads on the other. These nations were in the annual practice of crossing the mountains to hunt the buffalo, and to make war with the Blackfeet Indians. Our huts were built in the beginning of September, and of the drift-wood of the river. When it was decided in the end of December, to carry the news of the war to the seacoast, deep holes were dug under the floor of one of the huts, there cannily and carefully our wares and merchandise were deposited, the clay with which the interstices of the roof were stopped was let in, and the buildings were burnt. We trusted that amidst the scene of desolation our treasures would remain, like Cesar's wife, not only intacta, but unsuspected. This was our *cachè*. I gave you an account of our return voyage (after having been to the seacoast) as far as the falls of Columbia, in pursuit of these goods.

Previously to arriving at our destination, rumors met our ears, that the restless and villanous Tashepas, whose roving disposition had made them somewhat conversant with the proceedings of white men, had been poking about our premises for weeks; until at length our *moveables*, which we thought so warily concealed, had been uncovered to their eager eyes; and that the "bowels of their mother earth" had been rifled of treasures which might have been better hid. Our arrival here found the rumors true—not a "remnant of packthread, or a shred with which a beggar might patch a garment, but was scattered about." The avaricious and covetous Tashepas had pillaged the whole. Lengthy and rueful phizes abounded, when confirmation of our misfortune, as strong as holy writ, was forced upon us. We were naked of effects to trade the *de quoi* with the natives. It was useless to say to them—Uncharitably with us have you dealt; therefore now give us your fat horses, to make a *plat coté* for our *roti*. Our only resource, like Snowdon's knight at Coilantogle ford, was in our arms, and like him we were constrained to use them.

Mr. Reed, with two men, was sent to Mr. Clarke's establishment, on the Spokane River, to give him notice of the loss, and to carry him despatches from Astoria. The remainder of our party, seventeen in number, were employed in endeavoring to get back our goods from the plunderers. In this we were more or less successful. Several of the villages of the Shahaptins were searched, but few of our wares found. These people united in saying that a band of the Tashepas, whose dwellings were on the banks of the Camoenum, in a small savannah hedged in by rocks and precipices, and where fearful rapids above and below forbade the approach of canoes, were the robbers. The chief of this band might number seven or eight lustres; he had all the characteristics of a prairie Indian, tall, straight, lean, high cheek bones, sharp features, and piercing black eyes.

The aborigines of wooded countries, whose communications are chiefly made by water, seem adapted by their figure to the country

they inhabit—as equally are those of prairies or open countries. From the rapids of the Columbia to the seacoast, (a belt of about one hundred and fifty miles,) an almost impenetrable forest covers the country; then commences the prairie country, which extends nearly to the Rocky Mountains.

The natives in the south-west district are all of short stature, seldom exceeding five feet one or two inches; broad backs, deep chests, and nervous arms, are common to all—as equally are short, crooked, and bow legs. While in the open country, the sculptor might, haphazard, take any individual, and the chance would be in his favor, that he had a form from which he might model his best imaginations of symmetry and grace.

During our sojourn of the previous fall in his vicinity, the above-mentioned chief had been in the habit of visiting us more frequently than any other of the Indians—sometimes alone, and sometimes with a half dozen or more of his band. He was, in the commencement, a favorite with the Canadians, who had given him the soubriquet of "*Le Grand Babillard*"—a better acquaintance, however, had, previously to our going to the sea, caused them to change it, to the more appropriate one of "*Le Grand Coquin*." Circumstances had made a kind of familiarity between him and myself. In his visits, at the commencement of our residence in his neighborhood, we would often take our guns—for he and most of his band had them—retire a short distance from our *Comp-toir*, and there exercise ourselves in shooting at a mark. The ammunition on these occasions hung at my side, and in loading his gun, I generally managed, although he watched the progress minutely, with my thumb on the spring of the powder-horn, to let in at least a double charge, sometimes much more; and as my rifle bullets rolled down his wide and smooth-bored north-west Indian fusil without much friction, we used to wind them with grass to make a tight fit. One thing was sure, in his firing, which he always did with great deliberation and steadiness, viz., that if the mark was not marked, of which the probability was small, his shoulder would be, and that not lightly. The unvarying certainty with which my bullet went straight *au blanc*, owing to the superiority of my gun, caused him to betray the only emotions I ever saw him exhibit. Sometimes we would mount our horses, and "fetching mad bounds," rush headlong in our utmost contention, to gather up an arrow, stuck in the ground, without checking our speed. The recklessness of youth, when not by "cares, or fears, or age oppressed," made me his equal in feats of horsemanship. I knew him, however, from a circumstance which took place in a visit to his village, (about four days' march, and to which Mr. M'K. had sent me with three men, a short time before we went to the sea,) for a treacherous knave.

We ascertained one day that a band of the Tashepas, (not that of *Le Grand Coquin*,) who had participated in the plunder of our *caché*,



were encamped some fifteen miles above us, on the Shahaptin river. We embarked to pay them a visit. On approaching their encampment, which was done from the opposite side of the river, about one hundred yards wide here, some twenty-five Indians, with guns in their hands, were discovered on the banks, immediately in front of their lodges. A dozen vigorous strokes of the paddle brought us under them. Our bourgeois rapidly sprung on shore, and ordered me to follow with the men. An angular path led up the bank : at the turn, halfway up, there was a small platform ; the men were in a moment drawn up there. The Indians were at the other extremity of the path, some twenty feet distant. We could see from the protuberance in their cheeks, that their bullets were in their mouths, ready, in Indian fashion, for a fight. Our bourgeois was among them examining each and every gun, and emptying it of its priming. This done, we told them we had come to their country to supply them with arms and ammunition, and thereby enable them to hunt successfully the buffalo, and be on an equal footing with their enemies the Blackfeet. That we did not wish to fight ; but were prepared to do so to get back our goods, which, like the cowardly Shoshonies, they had stolen in the night. That now the young chief would smoke with them, while he examined their lodges. He told them to sit down, and ordered me to bring a pipe ; each took a whiff or two and then passed it to his neighbor—and while this was doing, the bourgeois, with his aid, (Joe La Pierre,) ransacked their lodges. He succeeded in recovering some three or four pactins, with which we re-embarked, and fired a salute, to show the natives, who were mostly young men, without any prominent chief among them, that we were brimful of fight. We went and encamped four or five hundred yards above, on the same side of the river, and on the banks of a brook, which paid its tribute here to the Shahaptin, after winding its short and meandering course through cotton-wood trees and willows, whose green and luxuriant foliage induced such cool and pleasant shade, and contrasted so strongly with the naked and arid scenery around, that our voyageurs could not withstand its seductions, notwithstanding our close vicinity to unfriendly neighbors. They, however, broke up at once their transitory encampment, and wended their weary way to their own firesides among the crags and precipices of the tumultuous Camoenum. We remained here three or four days, and were joined by a large band of the friendly Scietogas, on their way to the mountains. A day after this junction, I had wandered some distance from camp, near the head of the little brook we were on, looking for gibier, and, unsuccessful, was breasting the opposing hill, building chateaux en Espagne, when suddenly, on the brow, Le Grand Coquin, with his band of forty or fifty men made their appearance. They were all mounted and in their war costume—deer-skin leggins and moccasins, buffalo robes wrapped round their loins and resting on their saddles in front ; their faces and bodies painted in

various colors; their heads fantastically adorned with feathers; a round shield made of buffalo bull's hide, and buried in the ground until it had shrunk to a sufficient thickness, hung on their bridle-arm; and immediately in front of it rested their guns. Without the usual greeting, Le Grand Coquin abruptly demanded the place of our encampment. I pointed to the trees at the foot of the hill, and told him I would mount behind him and show the way. Behold me, then, on the crooper of his war-horse. No loving arm, however, was around him thrown—bolt-upright, with knees firmly fixed—the left hand holding down my rifle, as it rested on the charger's back in front of me, and right arm full—I felt I had him to advantage; yet ever and anon, as you may even suppose, I made my heels familiar with the gallant war-horse's ribs. One or two guttural grunts were elicited, as group of trees after group were passed. At length the blue smoke of our fires met his eagle glance. Our bourgeois was reclining under a temporary tent made with the canoe sails. The men were in groups of two or three, in the shade of some wide-spreading willow, variously employed, but all chattering and smoking. The guns were stacked against the luggage, which, with the canoes, were arranged in the usual manner, to form a sort of bulwark. The Scietoga camp was about a hundred yards distant; their chief, with a few of his young men, was then sitting on a log and smoking, near to the bourgeois' tent. The trampling of the war-chief's band made no commotion in the camp. The keen and knowing eye of the bourgeois recognized them at once, and divined their purpose. He gave no symptoms of surprise, or even of knowledge of their presence. Like statues, they remained for some time not greeted and unnoticed. At length the Grand Coquin addressed the Scietoga chief. He urged him (after first bringing to his mind their mutual friendly relations) to join with his band, and extirpate the pale-faced traders; he pointed out our defenceless and unprepared position, the paucity of our numbers, and the ease with which we might be destroyed; he mentioned our guns, kettles, knives, ammunition, &c., which would be the reward for the deed—in a word, adduced many arguments to entice the friendly band to become treacherous guests—happily in vain. After due deliberation, the Scietoga chief replied, that peace and friendship existed between the white men and his people, and therefore they would not mingle themselves in such an affair; that the white men had, many moons since, come to his country hungry and destitute, (alluding to Mr. Hart's party,) that he had given them to eat, and sped them on their journey; that since, many more white men had come, bringing with them such articles as were useful, and that he considered the trading-posts the white men were establishing in the country advantageous, because, in a short time, all his young men would have guns like their enemies, the Blackfeet, who had become armed from white men trading with them; that it was true, the chief present, with his young men, could be destroyed, but

that the whites were now numerous, and would no doubt revenge the deed. He repeated again that his heart was warm towards the white men; that he had delayed his journey a day to smoke with them; and that he would not consent, while he and his band were present, that harm should come to them. After the Scietoga chief had finished speaking, the band of Le Grand Coquin remained in their statue-like posture for four or five minutes, then suddenly wheeled and left our camp. It was the last time I saw Le Grand Coquin. John Reed, in the succeeding year, went with a party in his vicinity, and they were all massacred.

In the afternoon, the Scietoga chief, on whom the scene had apparently made no impression, for he did not allude to it, told us, that his young men were to continue their journey, and that we would find a pleasant encampment about twenty miles below, on the opposite side of the river, and among the Shahaptins. We bade the old man a cordial farewell, and took his friendly counsel. We went and encamped on the indicated spot, which was immediately on the river, where the bank was precipitous and lofty. The area of our encampment was enclosed by a semicircular line of earth, of about three and a half feet high, and appeared as if regularly constructed by men similarly situated to ourselves.

A.

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### THOU HAST EYES.—A SERENADE.

IMITATION FROM THE OLD ENGLISH.

I.

Thou hast eyes like stars, and sweetness  
Which no fruit of heaven supplies;  
Thou hast airy grace and fleetness,  
Like the bird of upper skies—  
Let not earthly charms go higher,  
Than the ones which should aspire;—  
Be thy spirit like thine eyes—  
As, to them, so lavish given,  
Clothe it, too, in hues of heaven.

II.

Bid it bless where now it kindles,  
Let not mocking spirits say,  
That thy holy beauty dwindles  
To a common earthly ray.  
Be their wicked speech confounded.—  
Take the captive thou hast wounded;  
Prove, that eyes, that so can slay,  
Have an attribute the more,  
When the stricken, they restore.

## A NIGHT ADVENTURE IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

My horse had cast a shoe, and stopping about sunset at a blacksmith's cabin, in one of the most savage passes of the Alleghanies, a smutty-faced leathern-aproned fellow was soon engaged in putting his feet in order, to encounter the flinty road we were travelling.

"Pardon me, sir," cried a middle-aged traveller, riding up to the shantee and throwing himself from his horse, just as the shaggy-headed vulcan, having taken the heels of my nag in his lap, was proceeding to pare off the hoof, preparatory to fitting the shoe, which he had just hammered into shape and thrown upon the black soil beside him. "Pardon me"—repeated the stranger, raising his broad-brimmed beaver from a head remarkable for nothing but what the phrenologist would call the uncommon development of "ideality," revealed by the short locks which parted over a pair of melancholy gray eyes—"matters of moment"—continued he, moving towards me—"make it important for me to be a dozen miles hence before nightfall, and you will place me, sir, under singular obligations, by allowing this good fellow to attend to my lame beast instantly."

The confident, and not ungraceful manner, in which the stranger threw himself upon my courtesy, sufficiently marked him as a man of breeding, and I, of course, complied at once with his request by giving the necessary order to the blacksmith. His horse was soon put in travelling trim, and leaping actively into the saddle, he regained the highway at a bound; checking his course then a moment, he turned in his stirrups to thank me for the slight service I had rendered him, and giving an address, which I have now forgotten, he added that if ever I should enter ——'s valley, I might be sure of a cordial welcome from the proprietor.

An hour afterward I was pursuing the same road, and rapidly approaching the end of my day's journey. The immediate district through which I was travelling, had been settled by Germans, in the early days of Pennsylvania—a scattered community that had been thrown somewhat in advance of the more slowly-extended settlements. In populousness and fertility it did not compare with the regions on the eastern side of the mountains; but the immense stone barns, which, though few and far between, occasionally met the eye, not less than the language spoken around me, indicated that the inhabitants were of the same origin with the ignorant but industrious denizens of the lower country. One of these stone buildings, an enormous and ungainly edifice, stood upon a hill immediately back of the Wolfswald hotel—a miserable wooden hovel where I was to pass the night—and while descending the hill in



the rear of the village, I had leisure to observe that it presented a somewhat different appearance from the other agricultural establishments of the kind which I had met with during the day. The massive walls were pierced here and there with narrow windows, which looked like loopholes, and a clumsy chimney had been fitted up by some unskilful mechanic, against one of the gables, with a prodigality of materials which made its jagged top show like some old turret, in the growing twilight. The history of this grotesque mansion, as I subsequently learned it, was that of a hundred others scattered over our country, and known generally in the neighborhood as "Smith's," or "Thompson's Folly." It had been commenced upon an ambitious scale, by a person, whose means were inadequate to its completion, and had been sacrificed at a public sale when half finished, in order to liquidate the claim of the mechanics employed upon it. After that, it had been used as a granary for awhile, and subsequently, being rudely completed without any reference to the original plan, it had been occupied as a hotel for a few years. It had now, however, for a long period been abandoned entirely, and enjoyed the general reputation in the neighborhood of being haunted; for ghosts and goblins are always sure to take a big house off a landlord's hands, when he can get no other tenant.

"We havt no room pfor mynheer," said myne host, Peter Scundtson, laying his hand on my bridle, as I rode up to the door of the only inn in the place; while three or four wagoners, smoking their pipes upon a bench in front of the house, gave a grunt of confirmation to the frank avowal of Peter. I was too old a stager, however, to be so summarily turned away from an inn at such an hour; and throwing myself from my horse without further parley, I told the landlord to get me some supper, and we would talk about lodging afterward.

It matters not how I got through the evening until the hour of bedtime arrived. I had soon ascertained that every bed in the hostelry was really taken up, and that unless I chose to share his straw with one of the wagoners, who are accustomed to sleep in their lumbering vehicles, there was no resource for me, except to occupy the lonely building, which had first caught my eye upon entering the hamlet. Upon inquiring as to the accommodation it afforded, I learned that, though long deserted by any permanent occupants, it was still occasionally, notwithstanding its evil reputation, resorted to by the passing traveller, and that one or two of the rooms were yet in good repair and partially furnished. The good woman of the house, however, looked very portentous, when I expressed my determination to take up my abode for the night, in the haunted ruin—though she tried, ineffectually, to rouse her sleeping husband to guide me thither. Myne host had been luxuriating too freely in some old Monongahela, brought by a

return wagon from Wheeling, to heed the jogging of his spouse, and I was obliged to act as my own gentleman-usher.

The night was dark and gusty, as with my saddle-bags in one hand, and a stable-lantern in the other, I sallied from the door of the cabaret, and struggled up the broken hill in its rear, to gain my uninviting place of rest. A rude porch, which seemed to have been long unconscious of a door, admitted me into the building, and tracking my way with some difficulty through a long corridor, of which the floor appeared to have been ripped open here and there, in order to apply the boards to some other purpose, I came to a steep and narrow staircase without any balusters. Cautiously ascending, I found myself in a large hall which opened on the hill side, against which the house was built. It appeared to be lighted by a couple of windows only, which were partially glazed in some places, and closed up in others by rough boards, nailed across in lieu of shutters. It had evidently, however, judging from two or three ruinous pieces of furniture, been inhabited. A heavy door, whose oaken latch and hinges, being incapable of rust, were still in good repair, admitted me into an adjoining chamber. This had evidently been the dormitory of the establishment, where the guests, after the gregarious and most disagreeable fashion of our country, were wont to be huddled together in one large room. The waning moon, whose bright autumnal crescent was just beginning to cast above the hills, shone through a high circular window, full into this apartment, and indicated a comfortable-looking truckle-bed at the further end, before the rays of my miserable lantern had shot beyond the threshold.

Upon approaching the pallet, I observed some indications of that end of the apartment being still, occasionally, occupied. The heavy beams which traversed the ceiling, appeared to have been recently white-washed. There was a small piece of carpet on the floor beside the bed, and a decrepit table, and an arm-chair whose burly body was precariously supported upon three legs, were holding an innocent *tete-a-tete* in the corner adjacent.

I've had a rougher roosting-place than this, thought I, as I placed my lantern upon the table, and depositing my saddle-bags beneath it, began to prepare myself for rest.

My light having now burnt low, I was compelled to expedite the operation of undressing, which prevented me from examining the rest of the apartment; and indeed, although I had, when first welcoming with some pleasure the idea of sleeping in a haunted house, determined fully to explore it for my own satisfaction, before retiring for the night, yet, fatigue or caprice made me now readily abandon the intention, just when my means for carrying it into execution, were being withdrawn; for the candle expired, while I was opening the door of the lantern, to throw its light more fully upon a mass of drapery, which seemed to be

suspended across the farther end of the chamber. The complete darkness that momentarily ensued, of course, blinded me completely; but in the course of a few moments the shadows became more distinct, and gradually, by the light of the moon, I was able to make out that the object opposite to me, was only a large old-fashioned bedstead, prodigally hung with tattered curtains. I gave no farther thought to the subject, but turning over, composed myself to rest.

Sleep, however, whom Shakspeare alone has had the sense to personify as a woman, was coy in coming to my couch. The stout old mansion seemed to wheeze and groan, like a hale sexagenarian with the asthma. The wind, which had been high, became soon more boisterous than ever, and the clouds huddled so rapidly over the face of the moon, that her beams were as broken as the crevices of the ruined building through which they fell. A sudden gust would every now and then sweep through the long corridor below, and make the rickety staircase crack, as if it yielded to the feet of some portly passenger—again, the blast would die away in a sullen moan, as if baffled on some wild night-errand, while anon, it would swell in monotonous surges, which came booming upon the ear like the roar of a distant ocean.

I am not easily discomposed, and perhaps none of these uncouth sounds would have given annoyance, if the clanging of a window-shutter had not been added to the general chorus, and effectually kept me from sleeping. My nerves were at last becoming sensibly affected by its ceaseless din, and wishing to cut short the fit of restlessness which I found stealing upon me, I determined to rise and descend the stairs at the risk of my neck, to try and secure the shutter so as to put an end to the nuisance.

But now, as I rose in my bed for this purpose, I found myself subjected to a new source of annoyance. The mocking wind, which had appeared to me more than once to syllable human sounds, came at length upon my ear distinctly, charged with tones which could not be mistaken. It was the hard, suppressed breathing of a man. I listened, and it ceased with a slight gasp, like that of one laboring under suffocation. I listened still, and it came anew—stronger and more fully upon my ear. It was like the thick suspirations of an apoplectic. Whence it proceeded, I knew not.—But that it was near me, I was certain. A suspicion of robbery—possibly, assassination—flashed upon me; but were instantly discarded, as foreign to the character of the people among whom I was travelling.

The moonlight now fell full upon the curtained bed opposite to me, and I saw the tattered drapery move, as if the frame upon which it was suspended, were agitated. I watched, I confess, with some peculiar feelings of interest. I was not alarmed, but an unaccountable anxiety crept over me. At length, the curtain parted, and a naked human leg was protruded through its folds—the foot came with a numb, dead-like

sound to the floor—resting there, it seemed to me at least half a minute before the body to which it belonged was discovered to my view. Slowly, then, a pallid and unearthly-looking figure emerged from the couch, and stood with its stark lineaments clearly drawn against the dingy curtain behind it. It appeared to be balancing itself for a moment, and then began to move along from the bed. But there was something horribly unnatural in its motions. Its feet came to the floor with a dull, heavy sound, as if there were no vitality in them. Its arms hung, apparently, paralyzed by its side, and the only nerve or rigidity in its frame, appeared about its head;—the hair, which was thin and scattered, stood out in rigid tufts from its brow—the eyes were dilated and fixed with an expression of ghastly horror, and the petrified lips moved not, as the hideous moaning, which came from the bottom of its chest, escaped them.

It began to move across the floor in the direction of my bed—its knees at every step being drawn up with a sudden jerk nearly to its body, and its feet coming to the ground as if they were moved by some mechanical impulse, and were wholly wanting in the elasticity of living members. It approached my bed—and mingled horror and curiosity kept me still. It came and stood beside it, and child-like I still clung to my couch, moving only to the farther side. Slowly, and with the same unnatural foot-falls it pursued me thither, and again I changed my position. It placed itself then at the foot of my bedstead, and moved by its piteous groans, I tried to look calmly at it—I endeavored to rally my thoughts—to reason with myself, and even to speculate upon the nature of the object before me. One idea that went through my brain was too extravagant not to remember. I thought, among other things, that the phantom was a corpse, animated for the moment by some galvanic process, in order to terrify me. Then, as I recollected that there was no one in the village to carry such a trick into effect—supposing even the experiment possible—I rejected the supposition. How, too, could those awful moans be produced from an inanimate being? And yet, it seemed as if every thing about it were dead, except the mere capability of moving its feet, and uttering those unearthly expressions of suffering. The spectre, however, if so it may be called, gave me but little opportunity for reflection. Its ghastly limbs were raised anew with the same automaton movement, and placing one of its feet upon the bottom of my bed, while its glassy eyes were fixed steadfastly upon me, it began stalking towards my pillow.

I confess that I was now in an agony of terror.

I sprang from the couch and fled the apartment. The keen-sightedness of fear enabled me to discover an open closet upon the other side of the hall. Springing through the threshold, I closed the door quickly after me. It had neither lock nor bolt, but the closet was so narrow, that by placing my feet against the opposite wall, I could brace my



back against the door so as to hold it against any human assailant, who had only his arms for a lever.

The perspiration of mortal fear started thick upon my forehead, as I heard the supernatural tread of that strange visitant approaching the spot. It seemed an age before his measured steps brought him to the door. He struck it—the blow was sullen and hollow, as if dealt by the hand of a corpse.—It was like the dull sound of his own feet upon the floor. He struck the door again—and the blow was more feeble, and the sound duller than before. Surely, I thought, the hand of no living man could produce such a sound.

I know not whether it struck again—for now its thick breathing became so loud, that even the moanings which were mingled with every suspiration, became inaudible. At last, they subsided entirely—becoming at first gradually weaker, and then audible only in harsh, sudden sobs, whose duration I could not estimate, from their mingling with the blast which still swept the hillside.

The long, long night had at last an end, and the cheering sounds of the awakening farm-yard, told me that the sun was up, and that I might venture from my blind retreat. But if it were still with a slight feeling of trepidation that I opened the door of the closet, what was my horror when a human body fell inward upon me, even as I unclosed it. The weakness, however, left me, the moment I had sprung from that hideous embrace. I stood for an instant in the fresh air and reviving light of the hall, and then proceeded to move the body to a place where I could examine its features more favorably. Great Heaven! what was my horror upon discovering that they were those of the interesting stranger whom I had met on the road the evening before.

The rest of my story is soon told. The household of the inn were rapidly collected, and half the inhabitants of the hamlet identified the body as that of a gentleman well known in the country. But even after the coroner's inquest was summoned, there was no light thrown upon his fate, until my drunken landlord was brought before the jury. His own testimony would have gone for little, but he produced a document which in a few words told the whole story. It was a note, left with him the evening before by Mr. ———, to be handed to me as soon as I should arrive at the inn. It briefly thanked me for the slight courtesy rendered him at the blacksmith's, and mentioning, that notwithstanding all precaution, his horse had fallen dead lame, and he should be obliged to pass the night at Wolfswald, he would still further trespass upon my kindness, by begging to occupy the same apartment with me. It stated that, owing to some organic affection of his system, he had long been subject to the most grievous fits of nightmare, during which, he still preserved sufficient powers of volition to move to the bed of his servant, who being used to his attacks, would of course take the necessary means to alleviate them. The note concluded by saying, that the

writer had less diffidence in preferring his request to be my room-mate, inasmuch, as owing to the crowded state of the house, I was sure of being thrust in upon some one.

The reason why the ill-fated gentleman had been so urgent to press homeward, was now but too apparent, and my indignation at the drunken inn-keeper, in neglecting to hand me his note, knew no bounds. Alas! in the years which have since gone by, there has been more than one moment, when the reproaches which I then lavished upon him, have come home to myself. For the piteously appealing look of the dying man, long haunted me; and I sometimes, still, hear his moan in the autumnal blast that wails around my casement.

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## ANNETTE GRAY.

### A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

#### I.

WAE for the Bride o' Tiviotdale! the gentle Annette Gray—  
 For the ladye's heart is breaking 'neath a' her rich array;  
 Though her maidens three hae deckt her in gowd and satin rare,  
 And worth a royal ransom be the jewels in her hair.  
 Her true-love was a yeoman bold—to battle he has gane—  
 And lang for him fair Annette wept the bitter tears alane:  
 But that his sunny een were closed, he woudna stay awa;  
 Till she was forced to wed the knight o' Gillon tower an' ha'.

#### II.

And now she is the waefu' bride of a knight sae proud and gay:  
 She has gaen her hand afore the priest, within the auld Abbaye:  
 And now they're prancing hameward, beneath the bonny moon—  
 They'll hear the sang o' Tiviot stream, and see its woods fu' soon.  
 "The minstrels wait in my good hall, fair ladye o' my love,  
 Then dry thy tears," said fause Sir John, "and smile on me my love."  
 She turned on him her eye sae blue—a waefu' bride was she:  
 "Oh my heart is cald! my brow it burns, for this dool that I maun dree."

#### III.

And now they've reached the Tiviot stream—its waters bickering fast,  
 Their palfreys wade the deep, deep ford—now halfway hae they crossed:  
 Then Annette's heart, sae cold and sare, 'gan beat wi' rapture hi':  
 "Oh Mary mother gi' me strength, hae pity upon me!"  
 She's cast hersel frae her milk-white steed, and the diamonds in her hair  
 Fa' like a shower o' siller stars into the river there—  
 The kelpie's ta'en her to her cave, under the waters wan,  
 And left the bridegroom, fause Sir John, a sair dementit man!

## EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MEXICAN TOURIST.

## NUMBER TWO.

WE left Vera Cruz on the morning of the 18th February. All of us in exuberant spirits, and the day as bright and clear as heart could wish. We were six in number in the coach ; Sir John and his servant, the Prince, the Major, Mr. Ewing, and myself. Our passports were slightly examined at the gate, and we were ushered out to the sandy plain which surrounds the town, the seashore stretching away to our right, and on the left and in front, as far as we could see, barren sand, as bare as the Zahara. The sun was just rising, and the waves covered with a flood of light, that seemed to mingle and break with them on the beach, where were some huge pelicans, diving and sporting, and enjoying themselves immeasurably. Troops of mules met us from time to time, loaded with paniers, full of dewy herbs, roots, and flowers—provision for the city. They plodded along deliberately, as if conscious it would be warm by and by ; and their masters followed on horseback, with huge jingling spurs, and gaudy many-colored dresses, and carrying usually the machetta, or long straight sword of the country, in utter disregard to the law, which is pasted up at the tavern windows, positively forbidding it. The universality of this custom, in this part of the republic, is quite ridiculous, extending even to the children. One little black imp we met, about twelve years old, with a long machetta at his side, and our postillion, who was on foot at the moment, made at him, as if to strike him with his whip, whereupon the incubus drew out his battle blade, and put himself on his defence, as earnestly as another James Fitz James. Probably his complexion heightened the oddity of the thing a little in my eyes, but a battle between whip and sword will always lean to caricature, be the combatants what they may. Our vehicle was an ordinary stage-coach, rather large, drawn by a flock of mules, eight in number, as I estimated, and arranged very much as they would have arranged themselves upon a common. One would have thought they had been suddenly trapped into harness, and driven on as they happened to stand when they were caught. The system here is, to have brute force enough, and to pull through ; this is the substitute for good roads. The road we were on, however, is not a bad one ; it is the only communication, by wheels, from the city of Mexico to the Atlantic, and was nearly finished before the war of Independence, by the vice-regal government. Little or nothing has been done to it since, except where there was a great bridge, and a beautiful one too, called the Puente del Rey ; because it was constructed by the servants of the king, they changed the name, to compliment the successive governments and anarchies that followed, to Puente de la Libertad, Puente

Imperial, and Puente Nacional, which last name it may probably change one day for Puente Santa Anna. It is bad changing names, even odious ones, if they are old, or given for good cause, and by those who had a right to give them. To cheat the devil, because the devil cheats us, is fast and loose morality; the question immediately grows out of it, WHO IS the devil? and the answer, in many people's minds, would extend the liberty of cheating farther than the rest of us imagine.

The country improved as we went on, though very gradually;—nothing of any consequence grows near Vera Cruz; and the supplies for the town are all brought from the distance of about fifteen miles. The plant that first appeared was the cactus, of which the most common species is that called the nopal, which bears a pleasant fruit; another, the grandiflora, bears a large rich crimson flower, and is a singular and beautiful object; we saw many of them in bloom. The varieties of the cactus are very numerous; three or four hundred, it is said; but their distinguishing character is, that they send up from the ground a single leaf or shoot, which forms itself first into its perfect shape, and then out of its top there grows another exactly like it, in size, form, and color, and from that another, and so on; or in the kind that branch, two spring up sometimes from one. Some have long and slender stems, jointed every foot or two, or three feet; others have flat leaves, and some great branching leaves, like cabbages, or like bevelled cog-wheels; some form vines, and run round trees; others grow up straight, and are used for hedges, standing close like organ-pipes, and are thence called organs; and one species of these, being covered with a gray furze, is called *organo viejo*, or old organ. But the most common and most useful kind, the nopal, takes the form of a tree; its constituent parts are like leaves, of the thickness of a man's hand, and twice as large, oval, and covered with prickles: it branches frequently, and in the old trees the trunk gradually rounds itself out, and partially obliterates the joints, and turns to a hard yellow wood. This kind is seen on the Mexican coat of arms, surmounted by an eagle, and the plant is certainly well chosen; for, besides that it is characteristic and peculiar, it shadows out the national character in some respects, in putting forth leaf after leaf, each growing from the other, with no variation, just as they do, generation after generation, with no improvement. The usages, costumes, and style of building introduced in the time of Cortes, and adapted to the then state of the country, and the warfare against the savages, have continued ever since from imitation; the farm-houses are built one story high, round a great court, with no windows to the outside; and the leather of the harness of a coach-horse is cut and stamped, to imitate armor, with a pad, covered with silver plate, hanging over his tail, to protect it from a blow with a sword. These farm-houses, or haciendas, are rare in the Tierras Calientes, or low grounds; we passed one occasionally, and there was a magnificent one, unfin-



ished, about fifty miles from Vera Cruz, the building of which had been interrupted by the Revolution. The habitations of the Indians are scattered along the road in more abundance. They are made of cane reeds, and thatched with palmetto leaves, and the light comes in through the chinks, as a matter of course, making windows unnecessary. The vegetation increased upon us very rapidly, till we were over-arched, from both sides, by the luxuriant thicket growth of innumerable vines and bushes, all strange to us, or nearly so, and all covered with sharp prickles—the badge and token of the climate. Palmettoes were abundant; lemons and palm trees were seen here and there, and the castor bean, and sometimes a peep through the branches would show us a cocoa tree, standing out against the sky, in the distance, with its tropical-looking head, giving the scene that peculiar character one remembers so well in the wood-cuts to Paul and Virginia. The people here are nearly all Indians and mixed blood; some very dark-colored, but few absolutely black. They sun themselves and sleep with great perseverance, and this appears to be their object and pursuit in life, which seems a little dull; but when they get on horseback, they look as gay and lively as so many butterflies, having a great taste for tawdry colors and strong contrasts; for which the calico-printers cater abundantly. I was much struck with the appearance of a little group, two travellers and their horses, stopping to drink, at a place where our road widened a little and divided, to go over a bridge, and through the stream, by its side. The men had broad outspreading hats, and gay ponchos, and sashes, and machettas, and behind them was the still water, a ray of light just crossing it from an opening in the glade below, the strange luxuriant verdure filling up the rest of the back-ground, and trees exotic-looking to us, over-arching and meeting above their heads, in front. The day was calm and sultry, and the appearance of repose and coolness, perhaps, made the scene more attractive to me at the moment; but I thought for a landscape painter it was a gem. We breakfasted at a place called, I believe, Bocaron, seven leagues from Vera Cruz. We had two bottles of indifferent wine, some *frijoles*, the black bean of the country, and a stewed hash of fowl, which had been stewed, I imagine, a dozen times before. We had benches round a little table in a shed, open on two sides to the air, and joined at the end to a bamboo hut; and our hostess, an Indian woman, demanded seven dollars for our six breakfasts, and I, being treasurer and interpreter, drew upon myself the ire of my companions, by paying her six, and they made a fine concert scolding about those, while the woman clamored for the other. This was the beginning of trouble; but as none of the rest could get on with the Spanish, I was continued in office, and I continued to act on the principle, that to economise for six and fight for the saving, was more than one share of them was worth.

As we walked up the hills, from time to time, to relieve the mules,

we shot a few birds by the wayside, and once we stopped to give chase to an armadillo ; but he escaped into the forest. Half a league farther on, passing through a village, one of our mules fell down, and the postillion took the most violent and barbarous means to make him get up, beating him savagely, and attempting to make the others drag him along as he lay, till, at last, the poor beast got his leg entangled in the trace-chain, so that it was evidently impossible he should rise. Still the muleteer thought of no expedient but beating him ; but De Schucharaff interfered, and after trying with his own strength and the muleteer's, in vain, to lift the animal up, he ran into a hut, and returned with a basin of water, washed its eyes and nose, and loosened the chain ; and the mule seeming to consider this mode of request and kindness more suitable than the other, yielded the point, and got up. The driver and postillion were entirely taken by surprise at this proceeding, and at its effect ; they looked at each other, and shrugged their shoulders, and then said "*Qua muchacho.*" In this village we first saw banana and plantain trees ; and we speedily made ourselves acquainted with the fruit of the former, which is very pleasant and refreshing.

We arrived in the evening at Plan del Rio, a mere hacienda, in a hollow, by a little river. The Diligence from Mexico was there, with two passengers ; they had been robbed on the way down, at a place called Tepa Agualeo, and one of them had lost twenty doubloons and his clothes ; the other, his clothes and very little money ; but he had been buying some splendid Mexican dresses, to carry home with him, and he estimated his loss at twelve hundred dollars. He was a native of Sweden, but a citizen of the United States, and resided at New-Orleans—Mr. G—— S——. His companion was a Frenchman, formerly an officer under Napoleon, but now a colonel in the Mexican service ; they had another Mexican with them, and a priest, and a soldier in the box with a musket, at the time of the robbery, which was performed by three men—two whites, masked, and a mulatto. The soldier threw down his gun when he saw them, and begged for his life ; Mr. S—— got out his pistols, but his companions seized him on both sides, and held his hands, and the robbers tied them all fast but the priest, and rifled their baggage, abusing the two foreigners all the time, and telling them they would give them some marks on their bodies, besides, to remember them by. This threat they did not fulfil, though they very often do beat or maim passengers in such cases. We got these particulars chiefly from the conductor and Mr. S——. The colonel did not much like the subject ; he was qualmish and apparently very ill, though out of danger. This subject of robbers mingles here with every conversation, and meets you at the most unexpected turns. We were much amused this evening in bathing with our friend the prince, to spy hung round his neck, in a little leather bag, what we took to be an amulet, or charm ; but he told us it was his letters of

credit, secreted there in case of robbery. We had a gay supper, and talked much of the people we were going among, and our new friends gave us some of the fruits of their observations. The most striking feature in the character of the Southern Mexicans, is their priest-ridden bigotry and their intolerance of strangers, whom they denominate indifferently *Ingleses*, and consider them all heretics together. The old Spaniards are called *Gachupines*, and by law cannot reside in Mexico; but this law is evaded, and these people often pass undistinguished among the natives. But any other foreigner is known at once, and in the villages and towns is often saluted with volleys of abuse, and sometimes with stones. Indeed they have occasionally been murdered, of which an instance occurred in the city of Mexico, not many years since, where an Irishman was stabbed for not kneeling to the Host as it passed, with a procession of priests and singing boys. The colonel said, however, that in Mexico and to the north, this spirit was somewhat abating; that the rabble were less intolerant, and the Host less frequent in the streets, than formerly—" *Le bon dieu ne passe plus déjà si souvent.*" Puebla seemed to be fixed on as being the focus of superstition; and we were told we should be in the same danger of our lives as we passed through it, if any thing drew attention to us, so as to bring us in collision with the mob.

We took our chocolate early on the 19th, and paid our bills, which were a dollar each for beds, six rials for supper, one for chocolate, and a dollar a bottle for claret wine, and set off for Xalapa. The road was as that of the day before, alternately very good and very bad; one half of it, I think, very bad, and of the better portion, a part was an uncomfortable, but solid and permanent, pavement. When it grew light, we discovered that the tangled and neglected luxuriance of the lower part of the Tierras Calientes,—its bright and varied flowers and leaves, the foliage that looked almost like gay plumage,—had begun to give place to soberer-looking trees and shrubs, and here and there to cultivation. We saw Indian corn, bananas plenty, and, at last, regular tillage and crops of wheat.

Xalapa stands on a rather steep hillside, and is about four thousand feet above the level of the sea, the upland level; the great plain of Mexico is about seven thousand feet; so that we were now more than halfway up. It has the snowy peak of Orizaba in sight on the south, the coffee of Perota on the west, and numerous ridges and points, without names, or names unspeakable, that shut in the view on the north. On the east, are spread out below it the Tierras Calientes, around it are rich gardens, and within its reach, the productions of all the climates of the world. It is the very capital of fruit; no shape of vegetation is strange to it. We sat down to a delicious breakfast; and we revelled all day among delicious oranges and pine-apples, till the heat of the day was passed, and we could walk about in comfort. The time, however, was not all



lost ; we bargained with an *arriero* to give us six horses, two mules, and two men on horseback, as servants and guides, to carry us to Puebla, three days' journey, for one hundred and forty dollars ; and we picked up a dozen stories of robbers from various people, and held a council of war on the question, whether we should arm and resist, if attacked, or go quietly on, and trust to luck. At length, after full deliberation, we resolved on war ; we appointed the prince our commandant, and having already three double-barrelled guns, we hired three old carabines, and furbished them up with great difficulty, so that they would fire. All this was amusing enough. The commandant made us an address, in the most approved mock heroic style, and we took the oath of military obedience with gravity, to correspond. My office, which had hitherto been nameless, was declared to be a presidency, and every man obtained an office and a title except poor William, Sir John's servant, who was left to represent the people.

Toward evening we went to the cock-pit, where many of the town's people were assembled. Some sort of juggling, or sleight of hand tricks, were performing, which I did not stay to see out. The place was a dirty circus ; the people present not well-dressed in general, and all the women ugly. Cock-fighting is a favorite sport in Mexico, and especially about Xalapa, if one may judge from the numbers of large game-cocks one sees tied in the front of the houses in the suburbs ; and in one part, I saw a shop where, in place of merchandise, a game-cock stood in each division of the shelves. They send them to Mexico sometimes by mule loads ; the cock is placed in a tunnel-shaped basket, his head appears at the small end, his feet and tail stick out at the large one, and thirty or forty of these baskets are tied on to the mule with cords, together. Common poultry, for the market, are transported sometimes in the same manner ; but the Indian fashion is to make a square or oblong wicker-cage, and divide it within into two or three stories, put a fowl or two in each, and then strap it on like a knapsack.

Xalapa contains about three or four thousand inhabitants, and is famous for Copalim and Jalap, to which last drug it gives its name. The shops are pretty well supplied with clothes and necessities, hardware, &c., of European and American (that is, of the United States) manufacture, but such things are dear. I gave seven dollars for a round jacket of coarse linen, which would have cost two in Maiden Lane, and for a white felt hat, with a wide brim and a triple gold cord and tassel, after the fashion of the country, they asked us thirteen dollars. We bought hats of palmetto leaf, however, which cost a dollar apiece, and were for our purposes better.

The hotel is kept by Mr. McCartney, a Scotchman, and a sober, sensible, obliging person. We fared as well in his house as in such a country one can ; among many luxuries and some total deficiencies and discomforts ; of these last, the indifferent beds were the most essential.



## THE DEPARTURE OF MISS HANNAH MORE FROM BARLEY-WOOD,

APRIL 18, 1828, AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-THREE.

It was a lovely scene,—  
 That cottage mid the trees,—  
 And peerless England's shaven green  
 Peep'd, their interstices between,—  
 While in each sweet recess, and grotto wild,  
 Nature convers'd with art, or on her labors smil'd.

It seem'd a parting hour,—  
 And she whose hand had made  
 That spot so beautiful with woven shade  
 And aromatic shrub and flower,  
 Turns her from those haunts away,—  
 Tho' spring relumes each charm and fondly woos her stay.

Yon mansion teems with legends for the heart:—  
 There her lov'd sisters circled round her side,  
 To share in all her toils a part,—  
 There too, with gentle sigh  
 Each laid her down to die:—  
 Yet still, methinks, their beckoning phantoms glide,—  
 Twining with tenderest ties  
 Of hoarded memories,  
 Green bower and quiet walk and vine-wreath'd spot.  
 Hark! where the cypress waves  
 Above their peaceful graves,  
 Seems not some echo on the gale to rise?  
 "Oh, sister,—leave us not!"

Her lingering footstep stays  
 Upon that threshold stone,  
 And o'er the pictur'd wall, her farewell gaze  
 Rests on the portraits one by one,—  
 Of treasur'd friends before her gone,  
 To that bright world of bliss where partings are unknown.

The wintry snows  
 That four-score years disclose,  
 When slow to life's last verge Time's lonely chariot goes,  
 Are on her temples and her features meek  
 Subdued and silent sorrow speak,—  
 Yet still her arm in cheerful trust doth lean  
 On faithful friendship's prop,—that changeless evergreen.

Like Eve, from Paradise, she goes,—  
 Yet not by guilt involv'd in woes,  
 Nor driven by angel bands,—  
 The flaming sword is planted at her gate  
 By menial hands:—  
 Yes,—those who at her table freely fed,  
 Despise the giver of their daily bread,  
 And from ingratitude and hate  
 The wounded patron fled.

## DEPARTURE OF MISS HANNAH MORE.

Think not the pang was slight,  
 That thus within her uncomplaining breast  
 She cover'd from the light:—  
 Tho' knowledge o'er her mind had pour'd  
 The full, imperishable hoard,—  
 Tho' Virtue, such as dwells among the blest,  
 Came nightly, on Reflection's wing, to sooth her soul to rest,  
 Tho' Fame to farthest earth her name had borne,—  
 These brought no shield against the envious thorn;—  
 Deem not the envenom'd dart  
 Invulnerable found her thrilling woman's heart.

*Man's home is everywhere.* On ocean's flood,  
 Where the strong ship with storm-defying tether  
 Doth link in stormy brotherhood  
 Earth's utmost zones together,—  
 Where'er the red gold glows,—the spice-trees wave,—  
 Where the rich diamond ripens, mid the flames  
 Of vertic suns that ope the stranger's grave,  
 He, with bronzed cheek and daring step doth rove:  
 He, with short pang and slight  
 Doth turn him from the chequer'd light  
 Of the fair moon thro' his own forests dancing,—  
 Where music, joy, and love, were his young hours entrancing;—  
 And where Ambition's thunder-claim  
 Points out his lot,—  
 Or fitful wealth allures to roam,  
 Thus doth he make his home,  
 And still repineth not.

*It is not thus with woman.* The far halls  
 Though ruinous and lone,  
 Where first her pleas'd ear drank a nursing-mother's tone,  
 The humble walls  
 Of that small garden where her childhood sported free,  
 Affection with unfading tint recalls,—  
 And every flower hath in its cup a bee,  
 Making fresh honey of remembered things,—  
 The flowers without a thorn,—the bees bereft of stings.

The home, where erst with buoyant tread  
 She met the lov'd, the lost, the dead,—  
 The household voices blended still  
 With the story-telling rill,  
 The valley, where with playmates true  
 She cull'd the strawberry wet with dew,—  
 The bearer whose love her youthful footsteps led,  
 The sacred hearth-stone where her children grew,—  
 The soil where she hath cast  
 The flower-seeds of her hope, and seen them bide the blast,  
 These are her soul's deep friends,—  
 O'er whom in lone idolatry she bends,  
 And at the parting sound  
 The heart's adhesive tendrils shrinking send,  
 As from some shuddering wound  
 Fresh drops of blood, that gushing stir  
 Unutter'd pangs, and ask an angel-comforter.

L. H. S.

## FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.\*

## NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

## TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

WITHOUT entering any further into general details, we shall proceed at once to our examination of individual paintings, resuming, where we quitted it on the preceding month; and merely expressing a hope that the subject may be thought to possess interest sufficient to procure a reception for a second article on the same topic, although the exhibition close simultaneously with the appearance of our remarks. To have included all that we had to say under one head and in a single paper, would in many respects have been preferable to the method we have adopted; but by so doing we should have been compelled to convert a critique into a mere laudatory notice, a thing which we most especially despise, or we should have outstripped alike our own limits and the patience of our readers.

38.—WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT NEWBURGH.—*R. W. Weir.* A cold picture, and deficient in foreground, but the glimpse of the river and Highlands very beautiful. This piece was evidently painted with a view solely to engraving, and we are at a loss to conceive the object of its exhibition.

47.—PORTRAIT OF HON. J. G. WATMOUGH.—*H. Inman.* A superb picture, decidedly the best male portrait in the room, and Inman's *chef d'œuvre* of the year. The head is admirable—full of character, energy, and portraiture; the painting, too, is excellent, and the general effect and *chiaro scuro* managed with masterly skill and relief.

48.—LANDSCAPE VIEW—LOOKING OVER THE HUDSON.—*C. C. Ingham.* This is, we have been informed, the *debut*, in a new line, of its much and deservedly esteemed author, and though by no means void of faults, possesses enough of absolute beauty, with much more of high promise, to render it deserving of a notice. It is painted with the exquisite finish we should have expected from a general acquaintance with Mr. Ingham's style; the remote mountains—the play of light and shadow on the distance—and the summer sky are both naturally and poetically conceived. The foreground, however, is deficient in force, as well as in size and boldness, destroying the perspective, both lineal and aerial, of an otherwise lovely picture.

51.—REBECCA, FROM IVANHOE.—*R. W. Weir.* We accord a place to this picture from the high rank of its creator, rather than to its intrinsic value. It is, we think, one of Mr. Weir's worst pictures. The

\* See No. XXVIII., pages 312-18, for the commencement of the present article, and the remarks by which that paper is prefaced.—*Eds. A. M. M.*

general effect, harmony of the coloring, and keeping, are, it is true, good, but the figure of Rebecca is a downright failure—square, dumpy, and devoid of dignity—the face, too, although the size would not admit of much detail, is meaningless and flat.

55.—THE STUDIOUS BOY.—*W. S. Mount.* An excellent cabinet picture. Mr. Mount is one of the artists who has made the most inconceivably rapid improvement. A little hardness still remains—but there is enough truth of drawing, character, and genuine nature in his works to entitle him to the name of the American Teniers. This is as it should be—let our young men of talent be bold and original; and, not creeping on in dull subservience to European rules, they will and must succeed. Though inferior in some points to his other exhibited pictures, in one respect this beats them all—the rest are somewhat deficient in breadth of light and shadow—here the effect is masterly and striking.

63.—VIEW OF YORKTOWN.—*J. G. Chapman.* A beautiful, cool, and above all, thoroughly natural landscape. This new artist—new at least to us, for he has acquired much reputation in the south already—bids fair to rise with almost unparalleled rapidity.—His landscapes are, in our opinion, beyond doubt, the best of the year. Cole and Weir must look to their laurels. In speaking of these pictures, which we shall have occasion again and again to mention, we shall, once for all, observe, that they were painted, not for exhibition, but for a private collection, and therefore want the *forcing*, and the dashy effect that is most captivating to general observers—they are exquisite copies of nature—sunny, out-of-door nature, in her every-day garb of loveliness—free, though we have seen it stated otherwise, from trick or meretriciousness of any kind whatever.

65.—BOB AND BLUCHER.—*R. W. Weir.* The dog Blucher is admirable—perfectly true to nature, and beautifully drawn—the boy Bob we do not admire quite so much—his limbs are, we think, somewhat Herculean for a child—the attitudes and grouping good, saving perhaps a little stiffness in the left legs—the parallel left legs—of the youthful rider and his canine charger. There is, however, a good-natured, lazy, let-me-alone expression in the countenance of the latter that cannot be surpassed. The landscape is of course subservient to the figures, and not, in our opinion, very happy.

71.—TOMB OF WASHINGTON.—*T. G. Chapman.* A dark and effective picture, presenting a beautiful foil to the bright sunshine of this artist's other paintings—the glimpse of the blue Potomac through the bowering foliage, with here and there a sail, lovely and cool as nature.

73.—ENGRAVING ON WOOD.—*A. J. Adams.* Too much cannot be said of the perfection to which Mr. Adams is carrying this lovely branch of art among us. He is running neck and neck with Branson and Harvey, the English masters in the same line—and in all except boldness and humor, old Bewick is already distanced.



82.—VIEW ON THE CATSKILL.—*J. Smillie, from Cole.* A steel engraving, of admirable softness, depth, and finish. London can show nothing, not even from the burin of the Findens, to excel this gem.

140.—LANDSCAPE.—*W. M. Oddie.* The views of this artist are possessed of very decided merit—great strength, colors in general natural, perspective good—on the other hand we must confess that his figures do not, by any means, come up to his inanimate nature, and that his skies are at times somewhat harsh—these faults we are willing to designate to Mr. Oddie, because, barring these, he might, and probably will, become a first-rate artist.

141.—BAR-ROOM SCENE.—*W. S. Mount.* It is absolutely impossible that anything in this vein could be more felicitous than is this truly Teniers-like picture. There are a truth and life in the characters, a verisimilitude in the smallest details, and a touch of humor that is not to be surpassed. The drawing, too, is exquisite, as are the faces of the actors. The figure of the toper successfully toeing the mark, the ruddy weather-beaten farmer clapping his hands with delight, the joyous laughter of the fresh-faced boy, and the grin of the negro, are all in their way perfect. And above all this, there is a perfect identity in the characters—that identity which lends half their charms to the boors of Teniers and Ostadt—the Chelsea-pensioners or village-revellers of Wilkie—and which belongs, scarcely in an inferior degree, to the Long-Islanders of Mount. Had we stumbled on this picture on the summit of Cotopaxi, or found it decorating the pavilion of his celestial majesty at Canton, it would have mattered nothing—the subject, the district, and the nation tell their own story. If our painters will stick to the riches of their own land—and heaven knows it is rich enough in every view to employ them for unnumbered generations—they will succeed. In addition to his actual merits, Mr. Mount has the praise of striking out a new line, as far at least as America is concerned, and one which has already, we rejoice to say, found many warm admirers. In one point we think this very clever artist might find room for improvement—in the force and play of shadows—his scenes are, perhaps, too uniformly and equally lighted to produce their full effect.

142.—MOUNTAIN LAKE IN AN AUTUMNAL TWILIGHT.—*R. W. Weir.* This is a painting about which opinions are divided, some crying it up to the stars as unrivalled, others somewhat doubtful of its exceeding merit. We confess that we incline to the latter. There is poetry, sentiment, effect, and meaning in the landscape, but, unless we be mistaken, there is *not* nature; and in stating this, we have stated, we conceive, the general fault of Mr. Weir's style—he constantly sacrifices truth on the altar of effect. So he can clothe his scene in a rich garb of mellow light, pour over his forests a flood of crimson sunshine, or steep them in the deep shadows of twilight, he cares not whether his trees resemble the stumps of birchen brooms, or cauliflowers, or any.

thing under heaven but that loveliest of natural things, a waving, wind-rocked tree. The present picture is bold, and dazzling in its contrasts—a deep flush upon the horizon, fading above into a darkness of the skies that is not merely incipient—a dusk and shadowy hill, rising like a black wall against the lingering radiance—sky and hill reflected in mellow colors on the mountain lake, and a foreground as black as midnight!—This is all vastly fine, and very effective—but, like the Chancellor Elden, *we doubt!*—Often have we seen the lingering glow of the west, and the mountain towering against it, flat and wall-like—often the reflection of both in the dead pool or gentle river—but *never* such a foreground with such a distance. Oh, with his talents, why will not Mr. Weir be content with imitating, and lay aside the bootless effort of improving upon nature? We fear that all the advantage derived from an Italian abode and study is counterbalanced by the tendency it seems to give our artists of falsifying effects. The climates of our country and of Italy, their atmosphere, their sunlights, their effects are wide as the antipodes; and we hesitate not to say, that it is the accuracy of these very points of atmospheric and aerial effect, that lend the greatest attraction to landscape painting. Yet are we constantly annoyed with rich Italian sunsets, which would suit well enough over the scorched Campagna or the hot Abruzzi, but which are wholly false and out of place among our forests, deep and luxuriant, steamy with their excess of moisture, and our lakes veiled, like modest beauties, full half their time in delicate and vapory mistwreaths. Mr. Weir would be supreme, would he but condescend to be natural.

148.—PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—*H. Inman*. A cabinet picture, full of spirit and of keeping; and of the size, we think, a thousand times more suitable to the preservation of hallowed memories, than the gigantic half-lengths that, for one generation hang, like the Vicar of Wakefield's famous family group, too monstrous for the narrow parlor, and are, by the succeeding race, consigned to the garret or the lumber-room.

152.—PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP DOANE.—*Inman*. We have heard this called Inman's masterpiece, and, though we do not think it equal to the head of Mr. Watmough, or of Colonel Webb, the number of which last picture we have forgotten, and therefore take this opportunity of testifying to its high merit, both as a portrait and a painting—we acknowledge the likeness of the Bishop to be a great and beautifully simple work of art.

156, 157.—VIEW FROM THE SITE OF THE WASHINGTON MANSION—VIEW OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF WASHINGTON.—*T. G. Chapman*. Two beautiful pictures in very different styles. The former looking over the river to the town of Fredericksburg, has a peculiar and well-executed atmospheric effect—the mustering of dense yellow storm-clouds, in one of our close Indian-summer days—you can hardly look on the picture

without fancying you feel the sultry climate: the other a lovely, calm sunrise, over deep green meadows and still waters. It is unlucky that these pictures were not reversed in the hanging, as in the latter picture, which is below the eye, the point of sight is the highest, and much of the perspective is by that means lost.

163.—THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.—*H. Inman*. If the strongest possible likeness, both of feature, air, and manner—if a head almost speaking, coupled with perfect harmony, taste, and keeping, constitute a *chef d'œuvre*, then is this one!

167.—MOTHER AND CHILD.—*G. W. Flagg*. Of all the artists, whose works we have so greatly admired in the present exhibition, though many are doubtless far above his competition in knowledge of art and in the skill that grows out of experience, there is but one who has improved in the like marvellous ratio with Mr. Flagg. His paintings last year exhibited proofs of great latent genius, but were crude and, unless we forget ourselves greatly, overgorgeous and glaring in color. This year, there is a deep rich gravity of tone, a breadth of touch, and a harmony in all his works, that we vainly look for in the paintings of many an older master. The composition of this picture and the drawing is also excellent; and in all respects except the gaudy butterfly, which is a blot, we consider it a very superior and striking production, particularly when the youth of the painter is taken into account.

171, 172.—DR. FRANCIS—DAVID CROCKET.—*J. G. Chapman*. The former picture is so high that it is not easy to judge correctly; it is not, moreover, we believe, completely finished, but from our recollections of it in the artist's *atelier*, we should judge it above the average either of portraits or pictures. Of the likeness of the renowned David we cannot speak, nor do we much admire this gigantic style of picture; all, however, that could be made of the subject has been done—the head of the black dog stands completely out of the canvass; we have heard the figure criticised as too bulky, but we are inclined to believe that were it otherwise it would be incorrect—the hunting-shirt and leggins which are worn over the other garments giving a clumsy and stuffed effect to proportions, however naturally slight and elegant.

181.—MORNING, DISTANT VIEW OF CARTHAGE, DIDO, AND ÆNEAS.—*T. Shaw*. Not a picture of a character that we can pretend to approve of in general, but showing great power and talent in the artist. There is more *air*, more aerial perspective, and more rich effect of light in this picture than is often or usually met with. The *tout ensemble* is not, however, either true or pleasing.

182.—PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—*C. C. Ingham*. Another of the sweet, soft, delicate females of this brilliant and indefatigable painter. Mr. Ingham has nothing to fear but the injudicious praise of his friends. He possesses all that is requisite to place him with the first of living painters; but when he is compared to Carlo Dolci, by a person who

probably never saw a *genuine*, certainly never a *good* painting of that most exquisite master, the effect is only to depreciate instead of to extol. No person knows the truth of this remark better than the clever painter, whom all the fulsome flattery that he must himself despise, can never render coxcombical or contemptible.

187.—SPORTSMAN'S LAST VISIT.—*W. S. Mount*. Very clever—very graphic—but not, perhaps, quite equal to the others of this master. We hope he will continue in his present line, and we will ensure to him both profit and reputation.

193.—FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF COLONEL JOHN TRUMBULL.—*G. W. Twibill*. A very good cabinet picture, exceedingly like the veteran artist, and altogether creditable to the painter.

199.—RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.—*J. G. Chapman*. Another proof of how very little is requisite to make up a lovely picture—an ordinary-looking country-house of stone, a little waving shrubbery, a team of oxen in the foreground, a street in perspective, a blue sky overhead, and the bright sunshine clothing the whole, as with a garment of glory. One great merit of Mr. Chapman is his attention to detail. Nothing, however minute, is below the attention of the true artist,—and those who neglect their figures and cattle may try in vain to excel in landscape! The particular care of the ancients on this point cannot be better exemplified, than by the fact, that when the artist of the landscape felt himself unequal to figures, his friend worked them in for him, and so of animals, &c.,—thus we find Snyders and Rubens working in conjunction, and even painting small groups in the foreground of their contemporaries in a different line.

204.—PORTRAIT SKETCH OF A LADY IN VIRGINIA.—*J. G. Chapman*. This lovely little head and its pendant, 197, are enough to confute at once the opinion of those who have pretended to see an inability to portraiture in Mr. Chapman. It is a face to fall in love with,—full of delicacy, sentiment, intellect, and meaning.

209.—MOUNTAIN LAKE IN AN AUTUMN EVENING.—*R. W. Weir*. This is, we believe, the germ and original idea of the picture No. 142, which we have noticed above. It is already favorably known to the public by a beautiful engraving of Smillie, published in the New-York Mirror, though *not* painted of that periodical. This is a lovely picture, the effect being subservient to the scenery, and the scenery not a mere stalking-horse to the effect. It is wretchedly hung, which is the more to be regretted, that it is very decidedly Mr. Weir's best picture in the exhibition!

212.—DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT VERNON.—*J. G. Chapman*. A misty morning view up the Potomac, with white-sailed vessels stealing out of the vapory shroud of the horizon, fishing-boats, and most transparent reflections on the calm waters of the foreground, and a glimpse of the seat of the PATER PATRIÆ, between the foliage on the right-



hand. With this lovely landscape terminates the series of paintings illustrative of the haunts, through life, of the best and greatest man our continent, or perhaps the universe, has ever produced. The whole set is in the possession of Mr. Paulding; who, if report speak not untruly, is engaged in the composition of a work relative to the career of the Great Virginian; and was obtained from him *by particular request*, for the decoration of the walls during the present exhibition, though by some singular oversight, they have not, in the catalogue, been credited to their owner.

213.—CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRE.—A. B. *Durand*. Clever—though by no means so much so as we should expect from the known abilities of the artist. The figures, though correctly drawn, are rather wanting in spirit, and the coloring of the foliage is too blue.

214.—PORTRAIT OF A LADY.—H. *Inman*. We have been informed that this is the artist's favorite of his whole collection;—if so, it is, we think, only another proof that the best creators are not necessarily the best judges of their own creations. Though a lovely picture, we cannot compare it to the superb head of Mr. Watmough; which it, perhaps, would not be going too far to compare with the noble works of Sir Thomas Lawrence!

218.—VIEW OF PETWORTH—THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF EGREMONT.—G. *Oakley*. Not a very good view of one of the most princely seats in England, though the work of a very able painter. By the way, we perceive among other *veritable* information contained in a fashionable weekly, that the owner of this fine place is stated to be an *amateur painter*, probably on the authority of some foreign correspondent! The respected and popular old nobleman, to whom the allusion is made, would not, we imagine, be much more surprised at being styled an *amateur jockey*, because he was the owner of Whalebone and Chateau-Margaux, than at finding himself an *amateur painter*, because he is a lover and encourager of the art, and a friend of those who profess it.

219.—PORTRAIT OF A LADY AND CHILD.—W. *Page*. In our notice of Mr. Flagg's picture on the same subject, we stated him to have made, save one artist, the most wonderful strides of improvement we ever witnessed. That one is Mr. Page, who has, by this single painting, raised himself from comparative mediocrity to high reputation. If he can hold to what he has here achieved, he may fill any situation or rank in his profession to which he may aspire. In this picture there is a breadth, a tone, and a richness which we have hardly ever before seen in a modern work—it has many of the merits of Rubens. Without becoming extravagant, we hardly know how sufficiently to praise this very striking and, in our opinion, very extraordinary production. It is certainly not without defects; the left arm of the lady is, for instance, too small, and the waist too slender, for the head; but then the composition and drawing of the child are very near perfection, and the

manner in which the light is thrown upon it, exquisite. The flesh-tints are, moreover, real ripe flesh and blood, bolder and rougher in the pencilling when viewed closely—which, by the way, this picture should never be—than the masterpieces of some other artists, but, if wanting in their elaborate smoothness and finish, more—and perhaps on that very account—more voluptuously natural.

We have long had our eye on Mr. Page as a young man of promise, though, till this year, rather incipient than accomplished. We have, it is true, seen very clever things of his before, but—it will out—there has been too often a faultiness in his drawing, which points to the necessity of greater care and attention in this very material branch of the art. We never have seen, however, anything at all comparable to this very rich and striking work, which is, perhaps—not from any glare or contrast of colors—but from its depth and force—the first to catch the eye on entering the gallery. In concluding our observations on this picture, we cannot but express our regret, that our figure-painters in general should be so lax and careless about their drawing: without correct outlines a picture may be effective but it cannot be *good*; yet many of our younger artists seem to imagine that they may begin to *paint*, and that drawing will come of itself. Nothing but the most painful study of the antique, the constant use of models, and to these might be added with great utility, the attending at least one course of lectures on superficial anatomy—the anatomy of those veins and muscles, we mean, which have a decided influence on the outline of the human form divine—can induce that accuracy without which the most showy pictures can only be pronounced *bad*!—We could specify many such even on these walls, but are unwilling, under any circumstances, needlessly to hurt the feelings of any person. Modesty and mediocrity can be pardoned so long as they go hand in hand; and it is not till presumption becomes apparent as a superstructure to manifest inability, that we feel ourselves bound to apply, unsparingly, the unction of the critic's lash.

223.—THE LANDING OF HENDRICK HUDSON.—*R. Weir.* To enter into any criticism of this work at present, would be equally unfair and useless, as it is evidently in an unfinished state. Parts are very beautiful; the boat and group around it in particular; the sky and distance are, we think, rather heavy, and the color of the Indians false. But this will, doubtless, be all set to rights, by the last touches of the master-hand.

225.—THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.—*H. Inman.* A very exquisite, though not a faultless composition. The general effect and details are admirable, as are the figures of Lucy and the clergyman. Had the Lady Ashton and the Master of Ravenswood been fully equal to them, we should not have hesitated to pronounce it the best composition of the best exhibition of which our city has, in several years, had it in her power to be justly proud.

## THE FORTUNES OF THE MAID OF ARC.

### THE TEMPTATION.

*Pucelle.* I must not yield to any rites of love,  
For my profession 's sacred from above ;  
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompense.

KING HENRY VI.

It was a night of revelry in Orleans. The contrast between the wild and joyous mirth that now rang through every court and alley of the Gothic city, and the dark sullen gloom, which for weeks before had brooded over its beleagured walls and its well-nigh famished inmates, was as perfect as it was delightful. In place of the bent brow, and compressed lips of men, nerving themselves to bear the torments of that most fell destroyer, gaunt famine—in place of the pale cheek, dim eye, and slight attenuated form of the faint mothers, robbing themselves of their scant sustenance, to minister to the wants of their weak and wailing little-ones—in place of tears and lamentations, deep groans, and deeper curses—there might now be seen on every lip a smile of heartfelt gratitude, in every eye a bright expression, on every cheek, how delicate and thin soever, the bright flush of new-springing hope—there might now be heard the jocund laugh, the loud hurrah, the pealing cadence of minstrelsy and song.

On that night, every window of the poorest and most lowly habitations, was gleaming with lights of every degree of brilliancy and price. From the coarse candle of unbleached tallow, or the lanthorn of oiled paper, to the gigantic torch of virgin wax, and the lamp of golden network, all was in blaze of lustre ; banners were waving from the casement, or hung from lines traversing the narrow streets—flowers were strewed on the pavements—trumpets were sending forth their wild notes of rejoicing, far into the surrounding country, announcing to the peasantry for miles around, that Orleans was relieved, and telling to the warders of the English camp, that their reign of victory was at an end, their bows broken, and their lion hampered, when in the very act of bounding on its prostrate victim.

Wine flowed in profusion—bread was distributed to all, with no stint, save that of appetite—muttons and beeves were roasted whole in every court and square—and wretches who, perhaps, had been deprived of wholesome food, nay, of a sufficiency of *any* food, for weeks and months, now gorged themselves beside the blazing bonfires, till wearied, if not satiated with the feast, they sank down upon the rugged pavement, in the deep slumbers of insensibility.

Nor did the very watchers, as it would seem, upon the outer walls, who

were placed there to guard the blessings they had won, sit on their airy pinnacles without participating in the general festivities. Lights might be seen glancing to and fro on battlement and rampart, and here there, behind some sheltering curtain, or in the angle of some salient bastion, might be caught the redder glare of fires, around which the heedless guards were carousing no less blithely than their comrades in the streets below. It required, indeed, all the attention of the provost of the watch, and captains of the guard, who, through the livelong night might be distinguished by the clashing of their armor, and by the exchange of watchwords, as they made their hourly circuits of the ramparts, to keep them to their duty; nor were they even without fears that the ever-alert and energetic Bedford might profit by the relaxation, or to speak more justly, by the utter absence of all discipline, to make an attack, which could hardly fail of success, on the city, buried, like Troy of old, in sleep and wine.

Blithe, however, as was the merriment, and picturesque as was the scene without, nothing might vie with the pomp, the revelry, and the magnificence that were crowded into the wide halls and echoing corridors of the Hotel de Ville. The king and all his chivalry had feasted, in celebration of this their first success, with the burghers and *echevins* of Orleans, and in that feast had been concentrated all of civic luxury—all of regal magnificence. But the feast was ended—of the peacock that had so lately graced the board—decked with his starry train, as when in life, with gilded claws and coronetted head—nothing was left save a despoiled and most unseemly carcass!—boars' heads from Montrichart, heronshaws and egrets from the marshy woodlands of Hainault, had shared the same reverse of fortunes, and having a short hour before, ministered to the goodly appetite of lordly knights and their queen-like *damoiselles*, by the aid of steward and seneschal, were now rudely torn asunder among the strife and rioting of pages, and yet meaner varlets; yet, even still, there was enough in the canopied dais—in the long array of seats cushioned with rich furs and velvet—in the display of massive plate—ewers and flasks of gold, enriched with marquetry and chasings—bowls rough with the designs of the earlier schools of Italian art—mirrors of polished steel, wherein the fabled centaurs might have viewed the gigantic bulk of their double frames entire—torches of wax flaring and streaming in the sockets of huge golden standishes—flowers and rushes strewed on the marble floor—which had sent up their dewy perfumes, mingling with the savor of rich meats, and with the odorous fragrance of the wines, already celebrated, of Aix, of Sillery, and of Auxere—now trampled into an unseemly mass of verdant confusion—and above all, in the gay attire and evident rank of the servitors, who yet bustled to and fro in those banquet-halls deserted—to mark the consequence of the guests, who had thus partaken of the hospitality of the merchant lords of Orleans.



But if the banquet-chamber was mute and voiceless, not so were the yet loftier halls, which stretched their long lines of illuminated windows from end to end of that huge gothic building.—From those windows pealed the rejoicing music, mingled with the light merriment of girls, and the hearty merriment of paladins and peers. Nor was the scene within less brilliant, than the promise given by the sounds which issued into the bosom of the night. A thousand torches were gleaming along the walls, doubled and trebled by the reflectors of polished steel or silver, that were arranged behind them—banners of all times and nations, covered the vaulted roof with a bright canopy, that waved and rustled in every breath of air—in a high gailery were seated the choicest musicians of the age, with every instrument then invented, to sooth the ear or gladden the heart of man, by their mingled harmonies. Trumpet and horn, and kettledrum, and cymbal, sounded in wild, yet beautiful unison with the softer symphonies of harp and lute, and the melodious warblings of the bird-like fife; and ever and anon the richer and more perfect note, of that most exquisite of vocal instruments, the human voice, gushed forth in choral strains, now unaccompanied by aught of string or wind, now blended, but still distinct, in the deep diapason of that noble band. But who shall describe the crowd that swayed to and fro over the tessellated pavement below, in obedience to the minstrelsy and music, even as the light waves of a summer sea heave at the bidding of the light air, that crisps, but may not curl or whiten their sparkling crests. It was not merely in the deep splendor, the harmonious coloring, the picturesque forms of the antiquated costume, it was not merely in the plumes of heron or ostrich—the snowy ermine, the three-piled mantles of Genoa velvet—not in the hose of sendal twined with threads of silver—not in the buskins of satin, or the spurs of gold—not in the bright gems, the medals and the fanfaronas—not in the robes of vair and caps of maintenance, that graced the stately warriors of the court!—Nor yet was it in the flowing trains, the graceful ruffs, the pearls wreathed in the pleached and plaited hair, the diamond stomachers, and chains of goldsmiths' work—it was not in these, that centred the attraction of the glorious concourse—though with these, not the costliest pageantry of modern times, could for a moment's space compare!—Nor was it even more striking than these—the beauty, the mere personal beauty of the wearers—the mingled strength and grace of the knights, whose places were filled no less decorously in the bower of ladies, than in the strife of men,—the sylph-like forms, the wavy and voluptuous motions, the eyes brilliant or laughing, tender or *agaçante* of those highborn damoiselles!—No, it was not in any, nor in all of these!—But in the aristocratic bearing, the high full-blooded look, that might be traced in the features and the forms, alike of either sex;—the small and well-set heads; the tall and slight, though exquisitely rounded limbs;—the delicate hands—practised, however, they might

be, in wielding the huge *espaldron*, or yet more weighty battle-axe ;—the blue veins rising in bold and pencilled relief, from brow and neck ; the expanded nostrils ;—and, above all, the perfect grace of every movement, whether in voluptuous repose, or in the mazes of the wheeling dance !—It was in these rare attributes, that consisted the real splendor of that assemblage—it was by these,—the distinctive marks of Norman blood—that the most casual observer might have styled each individual there, even at a moment's notice, as the descendant of some immemorial line ! All the magnificence might have been lavished upon a troop of mendicants—but lavished to no purpose !—No art, no splendor, no disguise, could have metamorphosed those into the most transitory likeness to nobility—more than the mean weeds and tattered garments could have banished from these, their inborn air of aristocracy !

Hundreds there were of the most brave, of the most beautiful—Agnes de Sorel, the acknowledged mistress of the king, with her broad laughing eyes of blue, and her profusion of sunny ringlets shadowing a neck of alabaster !—Isabel de Castelnau, her noble form and majestic expression of features, well-suited to the antique head-dress, and the purple robe, with a delicate merlin, perched unhooded on her wrist, gazing with his wild bright eyes into the equally brilliant mirrors of his lady's soul, without manifesting the slightest wish to flutter, or to fly !—Helène de Marigny, with her slender girl-like proportions, and that air of timid bashfulness, that so belied her character ;—Helène de Marigny, who, in her brother's absence, roused at the dead of night by the clash of armor and the trumpet note, had seen the English foeman scaling the windows of her virgin-bower ; had seen, and with no woman-terror, grasped to the mortal sword, and wielded it triumphantly, till succor completed that defence, which she—a fairy-looking maid of seventeen—had protracted so manfully and well !—Diane de Bourçicaut, sister to the bravest and the best of Charles' young warriors !—Louise de Querouaille, fairer and far more chaste than her more famous namesake of after ages !—and last, not least, Mademoiselle, the lovely sister of the king !—All these were there, and others, unnumbered and beautiful as the stars in a summer heaven, toying, in mere dalliance, or yielding, perchance, to deeper and more real feelings, as they moved in the giddy dance, or reclined on the canopied settees beside those gallant lovers, who might to-morrow lie, all maimed and bleeding, on the red battle-field. But among all these, the flower of France's female aristocracy—among all these, there was one pre-eminent—pre-eminent not only in her actual beauty—but in that woman grace, that free, yet gentle demeanor, that airiness of motion, and exquisite propriety of manner, which are so essentially the offspring of noble birth—and of unconscious practice, if not of conventual rules. That one—the fairest and the noblest—insomuch as the eye might judge by any outward token—

that ONE, was the peasant maiden ! Admired almost to adoration by the chivalrous spirits of the day, and tested with the severest and most bitter criticism of those her lovely rivals, who had seen, in too many instances, the knights who had been sworn their servants, desert from their allegiance, humbly and hopelessly to throw their services, their homage, and their love, at the feet of the inspired shepherdess. All this had she gone through, triumphantly—in the ordeal of the banquet and the ball, she had proved her noble qualities, no less completely than amid the din of battle. The test of private and familiar intercourse, she had endured, and conquered—the test of that society wherein enthusiasm is ridiculous, and nothing is deemed becoming of a lady, save the conventional bearing of the circle, whether it be of hoyden mirth, or of the habitual *pose*, concealing the deepest feelings, and perchance, the wildest profligacy, beneath the semblance of unmoved composure, and self-restraint.

At the banquet, she had feasted beneath the canopy of state, at the right of the victorious monarch—through her means victorious !—she had been served, on the knee, by knights and nobles—she had sipped from jewelled goblets the richest vintages of France—she had seen, and heard a thousand things, which must have been equally new and wondrous to the village-girl of Domremy ; and this too, with the consciousness that hundreds of bright female eyes were reading her every look, with envious eagerness, to see some breach of etiquette, some symptom of embarrassment, some *gaucherie*, which—however pardonable in itself, and however naturally to be expected in her, who had heretofore scarce heard of, much less mingled on the footing of equality, with princesses and kings—might at least have justified them in pronouncing her a creature beneath the notice, much more the devotion of the free and noble. All this had she done, yet by no sign, no motion however trivial, no expression of eye or feature, had she betrayed the slightest confusion, the least consciousness of being otherwise waited on, or differently respected, than from her earliest childhood.

The feast was ended, and, each lady leaning on the shoulder of her chevalier, the gay assembly filed, to the chiming melody of instruments, through the long corridors to the halls already cleared for the high dance, and as they passed along, it was the arm of Charles that led—in preference to wife or maiden of ancestral dignity—the Maid of Arc.

Mantles and plumed-hats and jewelled estocs were thrown by, spurs were drawn from satin buskins, trains were looped up, or quite removed by page and servitor—the halls were cleared—the minstrels breathed into their instruments the fullest soul of their vocation. Wherefore that pause—it was the king's to lead the festive measure—the king's, who was even now engrossed to utter unconsciousness of all that was around him, by the strange beauty, the rich enthusiasm, and above all, the *naïve* and natural simplicity of his companion !

"Pray God, that she may dance," whispered Diane the Bourçicaute, to the fair Agnes; "pray God that she may dance—none of your *canaille* may attempt the *pavon* and fail to be ridiculous! Is it not so, my Agnes!"

With a faint smile she who was addressed looked up, but it was beyond the powers of a spirit, highly strung and noble—even as was hers—to reply in the tones of polished raillery, or to affect the air of unconcern, that would have best befitted the occasion. She turned her beautiful blue eyes toward her faithless lover, and though she spoke not to complain, or even to regret, a large tear hung for a moment on the long dark lashes, and slid slowly down that cheek, that lately might have vied with all that is most sweet and warm in the created universe, now cold and colorless as the sepulchral marble. Hers was not a heart to wish for the failure of a rival in aught trivial, or of mere court-fashion! "No, no!" she murmured to herself almost unconsciously.—"If in all else she be superior to poor Agnes—superior even to the winning from her of that false heart she deemed assuredly her own, then may she conquer in all else—and oh, may HE be happy!"

None heard the words—none heeded, or perchance understood the sorrows of the heart-wronged maiden; but neither were the light wishes expressed by Diane, nor the similar hopes indulged if unexpressed by many a jealous fair one, to be gratified. The maiden was too high-minded for so frivolous a practice as the soulless dance—or perchance, too circumspect to attempt aught wherein she was so like to fail. It was in vain that the king, the young and glorious monarch, pleaded with an enthusiastic ardor, somewhat disproportioned to the magnitude of the boon, for her fair hand, if it were but for a single revel. The maiden was inflexible, yet Charles departed not from her elbow. The music sounded clearly and high, driving the blood in faster and more tumultuous currents through many a bounding form—the dance went on—couple after couple glancing or gliding, part in slow voluptuous movements, part in the giddy whirl of the swift maze. A few short moments passed, and the maiden and the monarch were alike forgotten!

On a solitary couch, deep set in the embrasure of a huge oriel window that overlooked the ramparts though at a long distance, the maiden was reclining. Her head and exquisitely moulded bust supported on a pile of damask cushions, and the symmetrical lines of her person and her limbs scarcely perceptible by the wavy motions of her velvet robe; but her countenance was buried in her hand, and the beautiful bust was throbbing, and panting, as though it were about to burst with the fierceness of its own emotions. With an insidious whisper, a flushed cheek, and a quickened pulse, Charles knelt beside her. One of her fairy hands he had mastered, spite of some feminine resistance, and held it to his bosom—his words were inaudible, but the purport might be easily conjectured from the effect they produced on her who listened in such manifest abandonment of feeling.



She raised her speaking features—there *was* a softness, an expression of deep feeling, almost of yielding in her eye, but the firmness of the chiseled mouth denied the weakness.

“Oh, sire,” she said in notes of most harmonious softness, in which there might be traced a shadow of reproach—“Oh, sire—and is it *thus* you would reward your savior? I am a woman—a frail woman—though for a special end, and by a mighty God inspired—but save my own weak judgment, my own erring—yet thanks be to the Eternal—not, Oh *not* abandoned impulses, I have no inspiration to guide me in the narrow path of duty. And is it generous, or great, or kingly, is it worthy the last heir of a long line of mighty ones, to pit his strength against a woman’s weakness!—his eloquence, fervid and impassioned as it is, against her fond credulity!—his rank and beauty, against the ignorance, the admiring ignorance of her peasant-heart. For *thee* I have left home, and friends, and country—for to me my native valley was my country—for *thee* I have violated the strict laws of womanhood, incurring the reproach of over-boldness and unmaidenly demeanor in donning male attire and backing the fierce war-horse. All this have I done for *thee*—Oh, strive not, thou, to rob *me* of my sole remaining heritage, my maiden virtue—my unblemished honor!”

“Oh, say not so! most beautiful and sweetest,” returned the king—“Knowest thou not that kings who may not wive them, save for policy, may give their fondest love, may give their hand and homage *par amours*, and do nought of dishonor to the proudest.”

“Nay! then,” she cried, springing to her feet with the air of some young Pythoness full of the oracular presence—“Nay, then, I will be heard—selfish and base!—Aye, base and selfish art thou! Dost think that *I, I*, the inspired of Heaven, could bend to infamy? Dost dare to think that I, if I could love a thing so exquisitely false as thou art, that I would not tear out the guilty passion from my heart, though it should rend the heart-strings! But so it *is* not—so shall it never be! In that lone valley I deserted *one*, who would have *died* for me—aye, *died*! not in your poor court-phrase, not to dishonor, not to damn with the blight of his own infamy the creature he pretended to adore! but to have called me his, *his* in the face of Heaven. Him did I leave, not that I felt not the blow which severed us—not that I was senseless to his honest love—not that I was ingrate or cold; but that I had a duty, a duty paramount, summoning me trumpet-tongued to rescue *thee*!—Thou who wouldst now destroy me, and for ever! Now know me! Know me, and tremble! First know, that not for ten—for ten—not for ten thousand crowned *things* like thee, would Joan of Orleans barter the true peasant-love of that forsaken one!—Know further, that even now while thou art striving to dishonor thy defender—even now the English Lion is ramping at your gates—even now fierce Bedford is beneath your ramparts.—Pray to your God, if you believe in his existence,

pray to your God that he give *you* not up for ever to your own most guilty wishes—give not your country up to the unrelenting islander!”

As she spoke, the long shrill blast of a trumpet swept wailingly over the festive city, and a remote din of arms succeeded it, with the mingled cries of France’s and of England’s warfare! In mute astonishment Charles gazed to the distant ramparts, on which a deadly strife was even then in progress, while the bright banners and glancing casques of the besieger flashed to the moonbeams in still increasing numbers, as ladder after ladder sent up its load to overpower the slumbering warders, and win the city thus relieved in vain! From thence, slowly and with a faltering mien, he turned to the dilating form and speaking eye of the prophetic maid—he clasped his hands, overpowered with superstitious awe—

“Save me,” he cried, “thou holy one—Oh, save my country!”

“Swear then,” she answered, “swear then, by the Eternal Lord who sent me to thy succor—swear that never again thou wilt form in thy heart of hearts the base and blackening thought thou didst express but now!—Swear this and I will save thee!”

“I swear—I swear by the”—

“St. Denys, ho!” cried Joan in notes that pierced the ears of the revellers like a naked sword—“Montjoye! St. Denys—and to arms!—The English ho! the English! Joan! Joan for France and vengeance!”

The well-known wacry was repeated from a hundred lips. The maiden snatched the banner, and the brand—helmless and in her woman robes she rushed into the conflict, followed by thousands in their festive garb, with torch and spear and banner! Short was the strife, and desperate. Bedford had hoped to win a sleeping woman—he found a waking lion! After a furious, but a hopeless encounter, he drew off his foiled and thwarted bands, and Orleans was again preserved!

## DESTINY.

FROM THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS!

There is a saying of the olden day—  
That human BLISS, when too divinely great,  
Dies not in barrenness—but still survives  
In her dissimilar offspring—darkest wo—  
Born to the happiest, from their ancient joy!—  
But I, alone, do hold a better creed—  
That CRIME, revived, doth still send forth,  
To far posterity, the cursed seed  
Of sin, the self-avenger—while the fate  
Of innocent houses, to the latest time,  
Of Innocence is parent, and of Peace.

H.

## MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

## THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

**FINE ARTS.**—Having already brought to a conclusion, in a different portion of the present number, our strictures on the National Academy of Fine Arts, and as the American Academy, for reasons best known to the directors of that valuable, but, we fear, falling institution, has no exhibition this year—we have but little left whereon to comment under this highly interesting head. Several meritorious pictures having, however, from various causes which it is immaterial to mention, failed in being brought sufficiently before the public, we have decided on deviating slightly from our common practice in prying for once into the *atelier* of the artist. One of our most successful landscape painters has been absent this year from the scene, and has, we doubt not, been missed long before our present notice will meet the eye of his admirers! His not having exhibited any thing has not, however, as we can well testify, been caused by any relaxation in his skill or industry—for we have rarely seen a more beautiful, though small collection of landscapes than met our eye in his painting room. He has, it seems, been occupied in forming a series of views in that most lovely and romantic district lying about the little river Juniata and the west branch of the Susquehannah, and his pictures were, by some unforeseen and vexatious accident, prevented from reaching the city in time to find a place in the National Academy; this is the more unfortunate, that Mr. Ward was last season disappointed in a somewhat similar manner, by the sudden determination of the American Academy to let their large room for a gallery of old masters, in place of native specimens of talent and improvement. To those who have heretofore admired, and may have lost sight of Mr. Ward owing to these mischances, we shall only say, that his improvement has not been inferior to that of his most brilliant contemporaries, and that his present success is fully proportionate to his early promise. For the edification of those—if there be any such—who are not acquainted with this very clever artist, we will inform them that for the wilder and more romantic scenery of our country, there is no one who surpasses Ward! In producing effects, and in certain combinations which are the result only of long experience, he has of course superiors; but as a vigorous, bold, judicious, and most accurate copyist of nature in her most secret haunts of loveliness, he is in

our opinion equal to the best! His quiet lakes, with their pellucid waters and dark fringing woodlands—his mountains, robed in their gauzy veils of summer haze, or of autumnal mist—his rippling brooklets and his wavy foliage are exquisite, and we sincerely hope that next year, at least, we shall meet him in the academies, to either of which his paintings would be an honor and an ornament!

A very lovely picture by Mr. Weir has lately come under our eye likewise—painted for a gentleman of this city, and not, we fear, likely to meet the admiration of the public. This we regret the more, inasmuch as we consider it not only infinitely superior to any of his exhibited pictures of the present year, but perhaps, and in our opinion decidedly, the best he has ever executed! It is a view in the neighborhood of West Point—a little brooklet in the foreground, with a deep mass of shadowy woodland immediately behind it, and in the distance a reach of the lovely Hudson, with the Highlands receding in exquisite aerial perspective, and a beautifully calm evening sky above! We hope to see many such views as this from Mr. Weir hereafter; this is nature herself, and is a sufficient proof of what Mr. Weir can effect with his rich and rare talent when he does condescend to be natural!

**THE STUDENT.**—E. L. BULWER. *Harper & Brothers.*—This delightful book is made up in part of papers published in the London New Monthly, under the title of "Conversations with an Ambitious Student in ill health," by the brilliant author who seems destined to meet with equal success in whatever branch of composition he attempts—in part, of various articles which have appeared in different English periodicals, and in part, of original sketches and essays. The Conversations, which form the second volume, have always been especial favorites of ours—they are full of that dreamy and poetical philosophy which we consider, far beyond sustained excitement, power of description, or dramatic energy of dialogue, to be Mr. Bulwer's forte; there is mixed up with this much shrewdness, much sound criticism, and a little vein of tender melancholy interest running through the whole, which can hardly fail to interest and arrest the feelings in behalf of subjects which, without it, might be considered dry and unattractive by ordinary readers. The first volume contains a good deal of original matter,

and that of a very peculiar and powerful character; the Tale of Kosem Kesamim—which the author styles a “Prose-Poem, intended to contain a solution of certain “social and metaphysical problems”—has, we doubt not, been greedily read by hundreds before, and will be as greedily read again now! It is, indeed, a splendid poem—rich with power and imagination, and tending to illustrate a great moral. There is much in it which reminds us forcibly of that yet nobler prose-poem contained in the Pilgrims of the Rhine—the Fallen Star, or the History of a False Religion;—either of these, had Mr. Bulwer written nothing else, would have been ample evidence of his rich poetic imagination, command of language, and—it will out—his powers of philosophic illustration.

Knebworth is a beautiful home-sketch, containing much beautiful description, and still more pleasing and amiable feeling. Lake Lemana and its associations, while it has little in it that is new, while it tells us little that we have not heard of in one way or other before this period, is yet delightful, first, from the subject, which no more palls, than the memories of Rousseau, Gibbon, Stael, and Byron can wax faint, or meditations on their lives, their actions, and their works, weary or unprofitable.

The lighter and humorous sketches—under their various denominations—of “The World as it is”—“Fi-ho-ti”—“The Ordeal of Love”—and “The Law of Arrest”—though true and just enough, are such as any person who can write at all, might have written just as well as Mr. Bulwer—such as the French would be apt to style *des platitudes*;—but on the other hand, “Infidelity in Love”—“Want of Sympathy”—and last in order, though among the first in merit, “Ill Health and its Consolations”—are all rich with Mr. Bulwer’s peculiar beauties, and doubly delightful from the deep vein of moral feeling which pervades them all, improving the heart and ministering lessons to the mind of the reader, while they seem merely to appeal to his imagination and soften his sentimental affections.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS ENVIRONS—By an AMERICAN, LONG RESIDENT AT CONSTANTINOPLE. Harper & Brothers.—Widely differing in its nature from the book we have just noticed, this work is fully equal to it in interest, and superior in information and practical utility. The author has possessed rare facilities for forming an accurate judgment of Turkish manners, government, policy, and statistics, and he has used his advantages with

unusual discrimination and good sense. Infinitely surpassing in originality, vigor of mind, and practical utility, any books on Turks or Turkey that we have ever met, it cannot fail of being universally hailed as a real addition to the means of information concerning one of the most interesting portions of the globe; concerning which, moreover, all that we have heretofore known has been involved in mystery and fable, purposely or ignorantly introduced, to serve the ends or conceal the want of genuine research on the part of the writer, without the smallest regard to truth or probability. The author of Constantinople throws a new light upon almost every thing that he touches; the social habits of the Turks especially, which have evidently been entirely misconceived by us—although the fallacy of our conceptions has been shown by several preceding writers, who have invariably set down as fabling romances or vain poetical enthusiasts—so fondly do men cling to antiquated error—are here depicted with a clearness, a vivacity, and a minuteness of detail, that cannot fail to banish the ignorance, which has prevailed so long over people who ought to be ashamed of entertaining false views on any subject, in this age of universal illumination.

The best account of the destruction of the Janizaries, and of the improvements of the wise and patriotic Mahmoud are also to be found in these volumes. Our limits prevent us at present from entering more fully into the merits of this charming work, while they also preclude the possibility of our noticing its slight defects. One observation more, and we shall defer to our next, wherein we hope to lay before our readers a full and elaborate review, a book from which we have received more gratification than from any we have met in some years. The only drawback to the pleasure of the perusal, is an occasional roughness and inaccuracy of style, and a want of uniformity in the spelling of Turkish and Romaic words. These are, it is true, but slight defects in a work of this nature, replete with wisdom and practical good sense; whatever they might be in a fictitious composition, designed merely for the amusement of a vacant hour; but they do not cause us the less to regret, that the gentleman to whose judgment these letters were committed, should not have exercised his editorial prerogative somewhat more largely; though we doubt not he was actuated by a justifiable sense of the propriety of leaving every thing as nearly as possible in the state into which it was thrown by the powerful mind of the writer.